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ANDREA OF HUNGARY.



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ANDREA OF HUNGARY,

AND

GIOVANNA OF NAPLES.



BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

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MDCCCXXXIX.

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A55

### MALE CHARACTERS.

---

ANDREA.  
FRA RUPERT.  
CARACCIOLI.  
CARAFFA.  
BOCCACCIO.  
MAXIMIN, *a Soldier*.  
KLAPWRATH, }  
ZINGA,        } *Hungarian Officers.*  
PSEIN,        }  
PAGE.  
GARISENDO, *a Peasant*.

---

### FEMALE CHARACTERS.

---

GIOVANNA, *Queen*.  
SANCIA, *Queen Dowager*.  
MARIA, *Sister of Giovanna*.  
MARIA OF SICILY, *Half-sister*  
FILIPPA, *Foster-mother*.  
PETRONILLA, *a Peasant*

## PROLOGUE.

---

My verse was for thine eyes alone,  
Alone by them was it repaid ;  
And stil thine ear records the tone  
Of thy grey minstrel, thoughtful maid !

Amid the pomps of regal state,  
Where thou, O Rose ! art call'd to move,  
Thee only Virtue can elate,  
She only guide thy steps to Love.

Sometimes, when dark is each saloon,  
Dark every lamp that crown'd the Seine,  
Memory hangs low Amalfi's moon  
And lights thee o'er Salerno's plain,

And onward, where Giovanna bore  
Keen anguish from envenom'd tongues :  
Her fame my pages shall restore,  
Thy pity shall requite her wrongs.



ANY profits which may arise to the Author from this Edition, he has requested the Publisher will transmit to Grace Darling.

## ERRATA.

Page 6, line 11, for *ten* read *twelve*.

„ last line, for *shalt* read *shall*.

25, line 16, for *o'erspread* read *o'ersprad*.

26, line 22, for FILIPPA read SANCIA, *returning*.

72, line 19, for *sing* read *sip*.

76, line 14, for *rode* read *rid*.

83, line 24, the direction [*He shows*, &c., should be after the  
word *saints* !

85, line 26, for *With* these, read *From* these.

88, line 23, *dele* stage direction [*Goes up*, &c.

# ANDREA OF HUNGARY.

---

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. PALACE AT NAPLES.

ANDREA *and* GIOVANNA.

ANDREA.

What say you now, Giovanna ! shall we go  
And conquer France ? Heigho ! I am sadly idle  
My mighty mind wants full activity.

GIOVANNA.

Andrea ! be contented ; stay at home ;  
Conquer ? you've conquer'd me.

ANDREA.

Ah rebel queen !  
I doubt it : we have had war first, however,  
And parleys, and all that.

GIOVANNA.

You might have more  
Before you conquer the strong cities there.

ANDREA.

England, they tell me, hath as much of France

As France hath. Some imagine that Provenza  
Is half-and-half French land. How this may be  
I cannot tell; I am no theologian.

Giovanna . . in your ear . . I have a mind  
To ride to Paris, and salute the king,  
And pull him by the beard, and make him fight.

GIOVANNA.

Know that french beards have stiffer hairs than german,\*  
And crackle into flame at the first touch.

ANDREA.

'Sblood ! like black cats ! But only in the dark ?

GIOVANNA.

By night or day, in city or in field.

ANDREA.

I never knew it : let the Devil lug them  
For me then ! they are fitter for his fist.  
Sure, of all idle days the marriage-day  
Is idlest : even the common people run  
About the streets, not knowing what to do,  
As if they came from wedding too, poor souls !  
This fancy set me upon conquering France.

GIOVANNA.

And one hour only after we are united ?

## SCENE II.

MARIA *enters*.

ANDREA.

Maria ! where are you for ? France or Naples ?  
She heard, she smiled . . Here's whispering ! This won't do . .

[*Going ; but stops, pacified.*

She may have secrets . . they all have . . I'll leave 'em. [*Goes.*

\* Hungary and Germany were hostile.

GIOVANNA.

Unsisterly ! unfriendly !

MARIA.

Peace ! Giovanna !

GIOVANNA.

That word has sign'd it. I have sworn to love him.

MARIA.

Ah, what a vow !

GIOVANNA.

The harder to perform

The greater were the glory : I will earn it.

MARIA.

How can we love . . .

GIOVANNA, *interrupting*.

Mainly, by hearing none

Decry the object ; then, by cherishing

The good we see in it, and overlooking

What is less pleasant in the paths of life.

All have some virtue if we leave it them

In peace and quiet ; all may lose some part

By sifting too minutely bad and good.

The tenderer and the timider of creatures

Often desert the brood that has been handled

Or turn'd about, or indiscreetly looked at.

The slightest touches, touching constantly,

Irritate and inflame.

MARIA, *touching her shoulder*.

Giovanna mine !

These rhetoric-roses are supremely sweet,

But hold ! the jar is full. I promise you

I will not steal up with a mind to snatch,

Or pry too closely where you bid me not,—

But for the nest you talk about . .

GIOVANNA.

For shame !  
What nest ?

MARIA.

That nest your blushes gleam upon.  
O ! I will watch each twig, each feather there,  
And, if my turning, tossing, hugging, does it,  
Woe to Giovanna's little bird, say I.

GIOVANNA.

Seriously, my sweet sister !

MARIA, *interrupting*.

Seriously  
Indeed ! What briars ere we come to that !

GIOVANNA.

I am accustomed to Andrea's ways,  
And see much good in him.

MARIA.

I see it too.

GIOVANNA.

Fix upon that your eyes ; they will grow brighter,  
Maria, for each beauty they discover.

---

### SCENE III.

ANDREA, FRA RUPERT.

ANDREA.

Well met again, Fra Rupert ! Why not, though,  
At church with us ? By this humility  
You lost the prettiest sight that ever was.

FRA RUPERT.

I know what such sights are.



ANDREA.

What ?

FRA RUPERT.

Vanity.

ANDREA.

Exact the thing that everybody likes.

FRA RUPERT.

You young and heedless !

ANDREA.

We pass lightly over,  
And run on merrily quite to the end ;  
The graver stumble, break their knees, and curse it :  
Which are the wiser ? Had you seen the church !  
The finest lady ever drest for court  
A week-day peasant to her ! By to-morrow  
There's not a leg of all the crowd in Naples  
But will stand stiff and ache with this day's tiptoe ;  
There's not a throat will drop its paste-tape down  
Without some soreness from such roaring cheers ;  
There's not a husband but whose ears will tingle  
Under his consort's claw this blessed night  
For sighing "*What an angel is Giovanna !*"

FRA RUPERT.

Go, go ! I cannot hear such ribaldry.

ANDREA.

Rather should you have heard, as there you might,  
Quarrelsome blunder-headed drums, o'erpowered  
By pelting cymbals ; then complaining flutes,  
And boy-voiced fifes, lively, and smart, and shrill ;  
Then timbrels, where tall fingers trip, but trip  
In the right place, and run along again ;  
'Then blustering trumpets, wonder-wafting horns,  
*Evvivas* from their folks, *hurrahs* from ours,

And songs that pour into both ears long life  
And floods of glory and victory for ever.

FRA RUPERT.

What signify these fooleries ? In one word,  
Andrea, art thou king ?

ANDREA.

I fancy so.  
The people never give such hearty shouts  
Saving for kings and blunders.

FRA RUPERT.

Son ! beware,  
Lest, while they make the one, they make the other.

ANDREA.

How must I guard against it ?

FRA RUPERT.

Ten whole years  
Constantly here together, all the time  
Since we left Hungary, and not one day  
But I have labored to instill into thee,  
Andrea ! how wise kings must feel and act.

ANDREA.

But, father, who let *you* into the secret ?

FRA RUPERT.

I learnt it in the cloister.

ANDREA.

Then no doubt  
The secret is worth knowing ; many are  
(Or songs and fables equally are false)  
Among those whisper'd there.

FRA RUPERT.

Methinks, my son,  
Such words are lighter than beseems crown'd heads,  
As thine should be, and shalt be, if thou wilt.

ANDREA.

Ay, father, but it is not so as yet ;  
Else would it jingle to another crown,  
With what a face beneath it ! What a girl  
Is our Giovanna !

FRA RUPERT.

By the saints above !  
I thought it was a queen, and not a girl.

ANDREA.

There is enough in her for both at once.  
A queen it shall be, then, the whole day long.

[FRA RUPERT *impatient.*

Nay, not a word, good Frate ! the whole day,  
*Ave-Maria* ends it, does it not ?  
I am so glad, so gamesome, so light-hearted,  
So fond, I (sure !) am long steps off the throne.

FRA RUPERT.

And ever may'st be, if thou art remiss  
In claiming it.

ANDREA.

I can get anything  
From my Giovanna. You would hardly guess  
What she has given me. Look here !

FRA RUPERT.

A book ?

ANDREA.

*King Solomon.*

FRA RUPERT.

His *Song* ? To seculars ?  
I warrant she would teach it, and thou learn it.

ANDREA.

I'll learn it thro', I'll learn it every verse.  
Where does the *Song* begin ? I see no rhymes.

FRA RUPERT.

*The Proverbs!* Not so bad!

ANDREA.

Are songs then proverbs?  
And what is this hard word?

FRA RUPERT.

*Ecclesiastes.*

ANDREA.

But look! you have not seen the best of it.  
What pretty pictures! what broad rubies! what  
Prodigious pearls! seas seem to roll within,  
And azure skies, as ever bent above,  
Push their pink clouds, half-shy, to mingle with 'em.

FRA RUPERT.

I am not sure this book would do thee harm,  
But better let me first examine it. [He takes it.

ANDREA.

You shall not have it; give it me again.

FRA RUPERT.

Loose it, I say, Andrea!

ANDREA.

I say no!

FRA RUPERT.

To me?

ANDREA.

Dost think I'd say it to Giovanna?  
Beside, she gave it me: she has read in it  
With her own eyes, has written latin in it  
With her own fingers, . . for who else could write  
Distinctly such small letters? . . You yourself,  
Who rarely have occasion for much latin,  
Might swear them to be latin in ten minutes.  
Another thing . . the selfsame perfume clings  
About those pages as about her bosom.

FRA RUPERT, *starts*.

Abomination ! Know all that !

ANDREA.

Like matins.

Thence, tho' she turn'd quite round, I saw her take it  
To give it me. Another thing . . the people  
Bragg'd of my mettle half an hour ago,  
And I will show I have it, like the best.  
Another thing . . forgettest thou, Fra Rupert,  
I am a husband ?

FRA RUPERT.

Seven years old thou wert one.\*

ANDREA.

Ha, but ! ha, but ! seven years upon seven years  
Could not make me the man I am to-day.

FRA RUPERT.

Nor seventy upon seven a tittle wiser.

ANDREA.

Why did not you then make me while you could ?  
You taught me nothing, and would let none teach me,  
No, not our king himself, the wisest man  
In his dominions, nor more wise than willing.  
Forsooth ! you made a promise to my father  
That nobody should filch my faith and morals,  
No taint of learning eat skin-deep into me !  
And good king Robert said, *If thus my brother  
Must have it . . if such promise was exacted . .*

FRA RUPERT.

All have more knowledge than they well employ.  
Upbraidest thou thy teacher, guardian, father ?

\* Andrea and Giovanna were contracted when he was seven, she five.

ANDREA.

Fathers may be, alas ! too distant from us,  
Guardians may be too close . . but, teacher ? teacher ?

FRA RUPERT.

Silence !

ANDREA, *retreating*.He daunts me : yet, some day *cospetto* !

FRA RUPERT.

What mutterest thou ?

ANDREA, *to himself*.

I will be brave, please God !

FRA RUPERT, *suppressing rage*.

Obstinate sinners are alone unpardoned :  
I may forgive thee after meet repentance,  
But must confer with thee another time  
On that refractory untoward spirit.

ANDREA, *to himself*.

He was then in the right (it seems) at last.

FRA RUPERT.

I hear some footsteps coming hitherward.

---

SCENE IV.

GIOVANNA and FILIPPA.

FRA RUPERT, *turns his back to them*.

O those pestiferous women !

ANDREA.

Ay, well spoken.

The most religious of religious men  
Lifts up his arms and eyes, my sweet Giovanna,  
Before your wondrous charms.

*[The Friar looks at him with rage and scorn.]*



GIOVANNA.

Simple Andrea !

Are they more wonderous than they were before ?  
Or are they more apparent now the robes  
Are laid aside, and all those gems that made  
My hair stand back, chiefly that mischievous  
Malignant ruby (some fierce dragon's eye  
Turn'd into stone) which hurt your finger so  
With its vile crooked pin, for touching me,  
When you should have but lookt, and not quite that.

FRA RUPERT, *who had listened.*

Come hither ; didst thou hear her ?

ANDREA.

Every word ;

And bear no rancour to her, tho' she scolds.

FRA RUPERT.

She might have waited twenty years beyond  
This day, before she thought of matrimony ;  
She talks so like a simpleton.

ANDREA.

She does

Indeed : yet, father ! it is very true :

The pin did prick me : she is not a simpleton

As far as memory goes.

[*The Friar looks up, then walks about impatiently.*]

Now, won't you mind me ?

She is but very young, scarce seventeen ;

When she is two years older, just my age,

Then shall you see her ! more like me perhaps.

She might have waited . . you say well . . and would

Willingly, I do think ; but I am wiser,

And warmer. Our Hungarian blood (ay, Frate !)  
Is not squeez'd out of March anemones.

FILIPPA.

Since, friar Rupert ! here are met together  
The lofty and the lowly, they and we,  
If your austerity of life forbade  
To mingle with the world's festivities,  
Indulge, I pray you, in that luxury  
Which suits all seasons, sets no day apart,  
Excludes from its communion none, how'er  
Unworthy, but partakes of God indeed . .  
Indulge in pardon.

FRA RUPERT.

Does a seneschal's  
Wife bend before me ? Do the proud ones beg ?

FILIPPA.

Too proud I may be : even the very humblest  
May be too proud. I am, 'tis true, the widow  
Of him you mention. Do I beg ? I do.  
Our queen commands me to remove ill-will.

FRA RUPERT.

There are commands above the queen's.

FILIPPA.

There are,  
O holy man ! obey we both at once !

GIOVANNA, *calls* ANDREA.

Husband !

FRA RUPERT.

And not our king ? most noble lady !

GIOVANNA.

He, or I much mistake him, is my husband.

ANDREA.

Mistake me ! not a whit : I am, I am.

GIOVANNA.

If, O my husband ! that dear name has power  
On your heart as on mine, now when first spoken,  
Let what is love between us shed its sweets  
A little wider, tho' a little fainter ;  
Let all our friends this day, all yours, all mine,  
Be one another's, and not this day only.  
Persuade them.

ANDREA.

Can I ?

GIOVANNA.

You persuaded *me*.

ANDREA.

Ay, but you did not hate me ; and your head  
Is neither grey nor tonsured ; these are odds.  
I never could imagine well, how folks  
Who disagree in other things, agree  
To make each other angry. What a game !  
To toss back burs until the skin is full  
On either side ! Which wins the stake, I wonder ?

FRA RUPERT, *bursting away*.

I have no patience.

ANDREA.

I have, now he's gone.

How long were you contriving this grand scheme  
'To drive away the friar ? Do you think

[ *Whispers to GIOVANNA.*

He won't come after supper ? Does he know  
Our chamber ?

GIOVANNA.

Hush ! Andrea !

ANDREA.

In good earnest

I fear him, and the fleas about his frock.  
Let me go after him : he went in wrath :  
He may do mischief, if he thinks it right,  
As these religious people often do.

[ANDREA goes.]

FILIPPA.

Happy Andrea ! Only fleas and friars  
Molest him. Little he suspects the snares  
About his paths ; the bitter jealousies  
Of Hungary ; how pertinaciously  
Mail'd hands grasp sceptres, how reluctantly  
Loose them ; how tempting are our milder clime  
And gentler nation ! He deserves our pity.

GIOVANNA.

O ! more than pity. If our clime, our nation,  
Bland, constant, kind, congenial with each other,  
Were granted him, how much more was withheld !  
Sterile the soil is not ! hard ! hard ! 'tis waste.  
What buoyant spirits and what pliant temper !  
How patient of reproof ! how he wipes off  
All injuries before they harden on him,  
And wonders at affronts, and doubts they can be !  
Then, his wild quickness ! O the churl that bent it  
Into the earth, colourless, shapeless, thriftless,  
Fruitless, for ever ! Had he been my brother,  
I should have wept all my life over him ;  
But, being my husband, one hypocrisy  
I must put on, one only ever will I.  
Others must think, by my observance of him,  
I hold him prudent, penetrating, firm,  
No less than virtuous : I must place myself  
In my own house (now indeed his) below him.

FILIPPA.

I almost think you love him.

GIOVANNA.

He has few  
Even small faults, which small minds spy the soonest ;  
He has, what those will never see nor heed,  
Wit of bright feather, but of broken wing ;  
No stain of malice, none of spleen, about it.  
For this, and more things nearer . . for the worst  
Of orphaney, the cruellest of frauds,  
Stealth of his education while he played  
Nor fancied he could want it ; for our ties  
Of kindred ; for our childhood spent together ;  
For those dear faces that once smiled upon us  
At the same hour, in the same balcony ;  
Even for the plants we rear'd in partnership,  
Or spoil'd in quarrel, I do love Andrea.  
But, from his counsellors ! . . .

FILIPPA.

We shall elude  
Their clumsy wiles perhaps. The youth, methinks,  
Is tractable.

GIOVANNA.

May wise men guide him then !  
It lies beyond my duty.

FILIPPA.

But the wise  
Are not the men who guide the tractable.  
The first bold hand that seizes, holds them fast ;  
And the best natures melt into the bad  
'Mid dances and carousals.

GIOVANNA.

Let Andrea  
Be sparing of them !

FILIPPA.

Evil there may be

Where evil men preside, but greatly worse  
Is proud austerity than princely glee.

GIOVANNA.

Heaven guard us ! I have entered on a course  
Beleaguered with dense dangers : but that course  
Was first ordained in earth, and now in heaven.  
My father's spirit fill'd his father's breast,  
And peace and union in our family,  
They both foresaw, would be secured by ours.

FILIPPA.

She who forgets her parent will forego  
All later duties : yes, when love has lost  
The sound of its spring-head, it grows impure,  
Tortuous, and spent at last in barren sand.  
I owe these generous kings the bread I broke,  
The letters I pickt up : no vile sea-weed  
Had perisht more neglected, but for them.  
They would heap affluence on me ; they did heap it ;  
Next, honours : for these only I am ungrateful.

GIOVANNA, *smiling*.

Ungrateful ? thou ? Filippa !

FILIPPA.

Most ungrateful.  
With humble birth and humbler intellect  
The puff-ball might have bounced along the plain  
And blinded the beholder with its dust :  
But intellect let down on humble birth  
Wrighes under titles, shrinks from every glance,  
At every question turns one fibre fresh  
For torture, and, unpullied and adrift,  
Burns its dull heart away in smouldering scorn.

GIOVANNA.

Where no ethereal spirit fills the breast . .



FILIPPA.

. . Honours are joys great as such breast can hold.

GIOVANNA.

The happy then in courts are numberless;  
We hear the contrary.

FILIPPA.

Never believe  
This, nor another ill report of them.

GIOVANNA.

What?

FILIPPA.

That the great are not great to their valets;  
'Tis but their valets who can find their greatness.

GIOVANNA.

I know that you have enemies.

FILIPPA.

Thank God!

I might have else forgotten what I am,  
And what he gave me ere he placed me here.

GIOVANNA.

I never shall, Filippa!

FILIPPA.

Think of those

Who rais'd our souls above us, not of me.

GIOVANNA.

Oh! if my soul hath risen, if the throbs  
Of gratitude now tell it me, if they  
Who rais'd it must be thought of . . to my heart,  
Filippa! for the heart alone can think.

FILIPPA.

I first received thee in these arms; these arms  
Shall loose thee last of living things, Giovanna.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I. IN THE PALACE.

GIOVANNA, FIAMMETTA, MARIA.

MARIA.

And now, Fiammetta, tell me whence that name  
Which tickles thee so.

FIAMMETTA.

Tell indeed ! not I.

MARIA, *to GIOVANNA.*

Sister ! you may command.

GIOVANNA.

Command a sister ?

Secrets are to be won, but not commanded.

I never heard the name before . . *Fiammetta* . .

Is that it ?

MARIA.

That is it.

FIAMMETTA.

For shame, Maria !

Never will I entrust you with a secret.

MARIA.

I do believe you like this one too well

Ever to let another mingle with it.

FIAMMETTA, *to herself.*

I do indeed, alas !

GIOVANNA.

Some gallant knight

Has carried off her scarf and bared her heart.  
But to this change of name I must withhold  
Assent, I like *Maria* so much better.

FIAMMETTA, *points to MARIA*.

There is Maria yet.

GIOVANNA.

But where twin-roses  
Have grown so long together, to snap one  
Might make the other droop.

FIAMMETTA.

Ha ! now, Maria !

Maria ! you are springed, my little quail !

GIOVANNA.

Fiammetta ! if our father were here with us,  
He would suspect some poet friend of his,  
Dealer in flames and darts, their only trade,  
Enchanted his Sicilian.

MARIA.

Ho ! ho ! ho !

Proserpine never blusht such damask blushes  
When *she* was caught.

FIAMMETTA.

I am quite cool.

MARIA.

The clouds

May be quite cool when they are quite as red ;  
Girls' faces, I suspect, are somewhat less so.

[FIAMMETTA *runs off*].

GIOVANNA.

Maria ! dear Maria ! she is flown.  
Is the poor girl in love then ?

MARIA.

Til this hour

I thought it but a fancy, such as all  
We children have : we all choose one ; but, sure,  
To run out of the room at the mere shadow !

GIOVANNA.

What would *you* do ?

MARIA.

Wait till he came himself.

GIOVANNA.

And then ?

MARIA.

Think seriously of running off,  
Until I were persuaded it was civil.

---

## SCENE II.

ANDREA.

What have ye done to little Sicily ?  
She ran so swiftly by me, and pusht back  
My hand so smartly when I would have stopt her,  
I think you must have vext her plaguily  
Amongst you.

MARIA.

She was vext, but not by us.

ANDREA.

Yes, many girls are vext to-day. One bride  
Sheds fifty thorns from each white rose she wears.  
I did not think of that. (*To MARIA.*) *You* did, no doubt ?

MARIA.

I wear white roses too, as well as she :  
Our queen's can have no thorns for us.

ANDREA.

Not one ?

MARIA.

No, nor for any in this happy realm.

ANDREA.

Ah now ! this happy realm ! Some people think  
That I could make it happier.

GIOVANNA.

I rejoice  
To hear it.

ANDREA.

Are you glad, my little bride ?

GIOVANNA.

Most glad. O never disappoint their hopes !  
The people are so kind ! they love us so !

ANDREA.

They are a merry race : ay, very crickets,  
Chirruping, leaping. . . What they eat, God knows ;  
Sunshine and cinders, may-be : he has sent  
Plenty of these, and they are satisfied.

GIOVANNA.

Should *we* be, if they are ?

ANDREA.

O then ! a boon !  
To make them happy all their lives.

GIOVANNA.

The boon  
To make them happier Heaven alone can grant.  
Hearken ! If some oppressions were removed,  
Beyond my strength to manage, it were done.

ANDREA.

Nothing so easy. Not your strength indeed,  
But mine, could push a buffalo away.  
I have a little favour to request.

GIOVANNA.

Speak.

ANDREA.

Give me then this kingdom, only this.  
I do not covet mountains to the north,  
Nor cities over cities farther west,  
Casal or Monferrato or Saluzzo,  
Asti or Coni, Ceva or Torino,  
Where that great river runs which spouts from heaven,  
Nor Aix nor Toulon, nor Marseille nor Nice  
Nor Avignon, where our good pope sits perchd ;  
I only want this tidy little kingdom,  
To make it happy with this sword upon it.

GIOVANNA.

The people and their laws alone can give it.

ANDREA.

Well, we can make the laws.

GIOVANNA.

And people too ?

ANDREA.

Giovanna ! I do think that smile could make  
A thousand peoples from the dullest clay,  
And mould them to thy will.

GIOVANNA.

Pure poetry !

ANDREA.

Don't say it ! or they knock me on the head !  
I ought to be contented ; but they would  
Insist upon it. I have askt : here ends  
My duty : I don't want it for myself . .  
And yet those cities lookt like strings of bird-eggs,  
And tempted me above my strength. I only

Repent of learning all their names for nothing.  
Let them hang where they are.

GIOVANNA.

Well said.

ANDREA.

Who wants 'em ?

I like these pictures better. What a store !  
Songs, proverbs, and a word as hard as flint,  
Enough for fifty friars to ruminate  
Amid their cheese and cobnuts after dinner.  
Read it me.

GIOVANNA.

Which ?

[ANDREA points.

GIOVANNA.

*Ecclesiastes.*

ANDREA.

Right !

As you pronounce it, scarce a word of ours  
In Hungary is softer. What a tongue !  
Round, juicy, sweet, and soluble, as cherries.  
When Frate Rupert utter'd the same word,  
It sounded just as if his beard and breast,  
And all which there inhabit, had turn'd round  
Into his throat, to rasp and riddle it.  
I never shall forget *Ecclesiastes* !  
Only two words I know are pleasanter.

GIOVANNA.

And which are they ?

ANDREA, saluting her.

*Giovanna and Curina.*

MARIA.

Umnanner'd prince !

ANDREA.

Now the white rose sheds thorns.

## SCENE III.

SANCIA *and* FILIPPA.SANCIA, *smiling*.

Step-mothers are not always quite at home  
With their queen-daughters.

GIOVANNA.

Yet queen-mothers are.  
Step-mother you have never been to me,  
But kindest, fondest, tenderest, truest mother.

MARIA.

Are we not all your children ?

SANCIA.

All : where then  
Is fled our lively Sicily ?

GIOVANNA.

She is gone  
To her own chamber.

MARIA.

To read poetry.

SANCIA.

Where poetry is only light or flattering,  
She might read some things worse, and many better.  
I never loved the heroes of Romance,  
And hope they glide not in among the leaves.

MARIA.

And love you then their contraries ?

SANCIA.

Those better.  
What clever speech, Maria, dost thou ponder ?  
I see we differ.



MARIA.

Rather.

SANCIA.

Why so grave?

Surely no spur is tangled in *thy* hem !

MARIA.

No, my regrets were all for you. What pity

Andrea dropt upon our globe too late !

A puissant antipode to all such heroes !

GIOVANNA, *smiling*.

Intolerable girl ! sad jealous creature !

SANCIA.

Where is he ? I was seeking him.

MARIA.

There now !

SANCIA.

Or else I should not have return'd so soon

After our parting at the Benediction.

[*Goes.*

MARIA.

Sister ! I fear my little flippancy

Hurried Queen Sancia : why just now want *sposo* ?

GIOVANNA.

She did not smile, as you do, when she went.

Fond as she is, her smiles are faint this morning.

A sorrowing thought, pure of all gloom, o'erspread

That saintly face.

MARIA.

It did indeed.

GIOVANNA.

She loves

Us all, she loves our people too, most kindly.

MARIA.

Seeing none other than Hungarian troops

At church about us, deeply did she sigh  
And say “*Ah ! where are ours ?*”

GIOVANNA.

You pain me sadly.  
Queens, O Maria ! have two hearts for sorrow ;  
One sinks upon our Naples. Whensoever  
I gaze ('tis often) on her bay, so bright  
With sun-wove meshes, idle multitudes  
Of little plashing waves ; when air breathes o'er it,  
Mellow with sound and fragrance, of such purity  
That the blue hills seem coming nearer, nearer,  
As I look forth at them, and tossing down  
Joyance for joyance to the plains below . .  
'To think what mannerless, unshorn, harsh-tongued  
Barbarians from the Danube and the Drave  
Infest them, I cast up my eyes to Heaven  
Impatiently, despondently, and ask  
Are such the guests for such festivities ?  
But shall they dare enthrall my poor Andrea ?  
Send, send for him : I would not he were harm'd,  
Much less degraded. O for ministers  
To guide my counsels and protect my people !  
I would call round me all the good and wise.

FILIPPA.

Daughter ! no palace is too small to hold them.  
The good love other places, love the fields,  
And ripen the pale harvest with their prayers.  
Solitude, solitude, so dread a curse  
To princes, such a blight to sycophants,  
Is *their* own home, their healthy thoughts grow in it.  
The wise avoid all our anxieties :  
The cunning, with the tickets of the wise,

Push for the banquet, seize each vacant chair,  
Gorge, pat their spaniel, and fall fast asleep.

GIOVANNA.

Ah then what vigils are reserved for me !

MARIA.

Hark ! spears are grounded.

GIOVANNA.

Officer ! who comes ?

OFFICER.

Lady ! the friar mounts the stairs ; behind him  
Those potent lords, Caraffa and Caraccioli.

GIOVANNA.

Your chair, Queen Sancia, stands unoccupied :  
We must be seated to receive the lords.  
Is it not so ?

SANCIA.

The queen must.

GIOVANNA.

One queen only ?  
The younger first ? we cannot thus reverse  
The laws of nature for the whims of court.

[SANCIA *is seated*.

There's our kind mother ! Just in time ! They come.

---

#### SCENE IV.

FRA RUPERT, CARAFFA, *and* CARACCIOLI.

Lady ! these nobles bring me with them hither,  
Fearing they might not win an audience  
On what concerns the welfare of the state,  
In such an hour of such a day as this.

GIOVANNA.

Speak, gentlemen ! You have much wronged yourselves,  
And me a little, by such hesitation.  
No day, methinks, no hour, is half so proper,  
As when the crown is placed upon my brow,  
To hear what are its duties.

CARAFFA.

Gracious queen !  
We come to represent . .

FRA RUPERT, *behind*.

Speak out . . wrongs . . rights . .  
Religion.

CARAFFA, *to him*.

You distract me.

FRA RUPERT, *to CARACCIOLI*.

Speak then thou.  
See how attentively, how timidly,  
She waits for you, and blushes up your void !

CARACCIOLI.

'Tis therefore I want words.

FRA RUPERT.

Hear mine then, boys ! [*Walks toward GIOVANNA.*]  
Imprest with awe before such majesty,  
The hopes of Naples, whom their fathers deem  
On this occasion, this gay hour, from high  
Nobility, from splendour of equipments,  
Beauty of person, gracefulness of mien,  
And whatsoever courts are courtly by,  
Most fitted, and most likely to prevail  
Against those ancient frauds and artifices  
Which certain dark offenders weave about them . .  
'These unsophisticated youths, foredoom'd

Longest and most impatiently to suffer,  
Lay humbly at the footstool of your throne  
A list of grievances yet unredrest.

GIOVANNA.

Give it me, gentlemen, we will peruse it  
Together.

FRA RUPERT.

They are more than scribe could pen.

GIOVANNA, *to* FRA RUPERT.

Are they of native or imported growth?  
Your Reverence hath some practice in the sorting.  
Permit me to fill up your pause, Fra Rupert!  
On this occasion, this gay hour, methinks  
To urge impatience and foredoom of suffering  
Is quite untimely. High nobility  
And splendour of equipment are the last  
Of merits in Caraffas and Caracciolis. [*To them.*  
The delicacy that deferr'd the tender  
Of your important service, I appreciate,  
Venturing to augur but a brief delay.  
Gentlemen! if your fathers bade you hither,  
I grieve to owe them more than I owe you,  
And trust, when next we see you, half the pleasure,  
Half, if not all, may be your own free gift.  
[*She rises, they go.*

---

SCENE V. PALACE GARDEN.

FRA RUPERT, CARAFFA, *and* CARACCIOLI.

FRA RUPERT.

The losel!

CARACCIOLI.

Saints! what graciousness!

CARAFFA.

Was ever

So sweet a girl? He's uglier than old Satan,  
Andrea . . I abhor him worse than ever. . .  
Curse on that Tartar, Turk, Bohemian,  
Hungarian! I could now half-strangle him.

FRA RUPERT.

We are dismiss.

CARAFFA.

My speech might have done wonders.

FRA RUPERT.

Now, who (the mischief!) stops a dead man's blood?  
Wonders! ay truly, wonders it had done!  
Thou wert agape as money-box for mass,  
And wanted'st shaking more. What are our gains?

CARAFFA.

A vision the strain'd eyes can not inclose,  
Or bring again before them from the scuses,  
Which clasp it, hang upon it, nor will ever  
Release it, following thro' eternity.

CARACCIOLI.

I can retain her image, hear her words,  
Repeat, and tone them on each fibre here,  
Distinctly stil.

CARAFFA.

Then hast thou neither heart  
Nor brain, Caraccioli! No strife so hard  
As to catch one slight sound, one faintest trace,  
Of the high beauty that rules over us.  
Who ever seized the harmony of heaven,  
Or saw the confine that is nearest earth?

FRA RUPERT.

I can bear youthful follies, but must check

The words that run thus wide and point at heaven.  
We must warn laymen fairly off that ground.  
Are ye both mad?

CARAFFA.

One is; I swear to one :  
I would not be the man that is not so  
For empires girt with gold, worlds starr'd with women.  
A trance is that man's life, a dream be mine !  
Caraccioli's an ice-pit, covered o'er  
With straw and chaff' and double-door'd and thatch'd,  
And wall'd, the whole dark space, with earthen wall.  
Why ! Frate ! all those groans of thine for heaven ?  
Art toucht ?

FRA RUPERT.

I have been praying fervently . .  
Despairingly I fear to say . . 'twere rash,  
Ungrateful, and ungodly.

CARAFFA.

He has brought  
The whole Maremma on me at one breath.  
My cold fit now comes over me. But, Frate !  
If we do feel, may we not say we do ?

FRA RUPERT.

To feel is harm ; to say it, may be none,  
Unless 'tis said with levity like thine.

CARAFFA.

Ah faith ! I wish 'twere levity ! The pagan  
That heaves up Etna, calls it very differently :  
I think the dog is better off than I am :  
He groans upon the bed where lies his torment,  
I very far away from where lies mine.

FRA RUPERT.

Art thou a Christian ?

CARAFFA.

Father ! don't be serious.

FRA RUPERT.

I must be.

CARAFFA.

Have not I most cause ?

FRA RUPERT.

Yea truly.

CARAFFA.

I am not over-given to complain,  
But nettles will sting all . .

FRA RUPERT.

. . who put their hands in.

Caraccioli ! be warn'd by this our friend

What sufferings may arise from lawless love.

Thine passeth its due bounds ; it doth, Caraccioli !

But thou canst conquer every wild desire ;

A high emprise ! what high emprise but suits

A true Caraccioli ! We meet again . .

I have some warnings, some reproofs, for him.

[CARACCIOLI goes.]

---

SCENE VI.

FRA RUPERT, CARAFFA.

FRA RUPERT.

Where walls are living things, have ears, eyes, mouths,

Deemest thou, son Francisco ! I alone

Heard those most violent words about Andrea ?

CARAFFA.

What words ? I never thought about the man . .

About his wife some little . . true enough.



Some little? criminal it were to say it :  
He who thinks little of such . . such perfection,  
Has left his thoughts among the worms that creep  
In charnel-houses, among brainless skulls,  
Dry bones, without a speck of blood, a thread  
Of fibre, ribs that never cased a heart.  
The volumes of the doctors of the church  
Could not contain a tithe of it : their clasps,  
Strong enough to make chains for Saracens,  
Their timbers to build argosies, would warp  
And split, if my soul's fire were pent within.

FRA RUPERT.

Remember, son Francesco ! prince Andrea,  
King rather (such the husband of a queen  
Is virtually, and should be) king Andrea  
Lives under my protection.

CARAFFA.

Well, what then ?

FRA RUPERT.

What ? Into mine own ear didst thou not breathe  
Traitorous threats ?

CARAFFA.

I ? Threats ? About his queen ?

FRA RUPERT.

Filthy ! most filthy !

CARAFFA.

No, no : wandering thoughts  
Fluttered in that direction ; one thought, rather.  
Doves have hot livers.

FRA RUPERT.

Be adultery  
Bad as it will, yet treason, son Francesco !  
Treason is far more difficult to deal with.

CARAFFA.

I do suspect it may be.

FRA RUPERT.

Saidst thou not

Thou couldst half-strangle that Hungarian ?

CARAFFA.

Spake I so rashly ?

FRA RUPERT.

I am a Hungarian.

CARAFFA.

Evident : but that noble mien would daunt

Moor, Usbeck, Abyssinian : and that strength !

A Switzer bear could not half-strangle it.

FRA RUPERT.

'Twere martyrdom, 'twere martyrdom. The life  
Of kings hath swords and scaffolds round about it ;  
A word might fling thee on them.

CARAFFA.

Such a word

Must fall from holy lips, thenceforth unholy.

FRA RUPERT.

Guided by me and courage, thou art safe.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I. IN THE PALACE.

ANDREA *and* FILIPPA.

ANDREA.

Many the stories you've repeated to me,  
Lady Filippa ! I have clean forgotten 'em ;  
But all the bloody giants every girl  
Before our bed-time threw into my night-cap,  
Lie safe and sound there stil.

FILIPPA.

I quite believe  
You've not the heart to drive them out, my prince.

ANDREA.

Not I indeed. And then your sage advice !

FILIPPA.

Is all that too forgotten ?

ANDREA.

No, not all ;  
But, dear Filippa, now that I am married,  
And sovran (one may say) or next door to it,  
You must not give me any more advice . .  
Not that I mind it ; but to save appearances.

*[She bends : he goes, but returns suddenly.]*

Lady Filippa ! lady senechal !

FILIPPA.

My prince, command me.

ANDREA.

Solve me one more question.

How happens it (while old men are so wise)  
That any foolish thing, advice or story,  
We call it an old woman's?

FILIPPA.

Prince Andrea!  
I know not as for stories and advice;  
I only know, when *we* are disappointed  
In any thing, or teased with it, we scoff  
And call it an old man's.

ANDREA.

Ah spiteful sex!

FILIPPA.

Here comes Maria: ask her no such questions.

ANDREA.

I wish Fra Rupert heard your words.

FILIPPA.

To prove them?

MARIA.

Give him a nosegay at the door.

ANDREA.

He spurns  
Such luxury.

MARIA.

Since his arrival here,  
Perfumes, they tell me, are more general  
And tenfold dearer. Everybody wears them  
In self-defence: men take them with their daggers;  
Laundresses sprinkle them on vilest linen,  
Lest they be called uncleanly; round the churches  
What once were clouds of incense, now are canopies  
Of the same benzoin; kites could not fly thro';  
The fainting penitents are prone to catch  
At the priest's surplice as he passes by,

And cry, above their prayers to Heaven for mercy,  
*Stop ! stop ! turn back ! waft me a little yet.*

ANDREA.

The father is indeed more fox than civet,  
And stinks out sins like sulphur and stale eggs.  
[To MARIA.] You will not run away with him ?

MARIA.

Tarantola !  
Worse than most venomous tarantola,  
He bites, and will not let us dance for it.

---

SCENE II. IN THE GARDENS OF CAPO DI MONTE.

BOCCACCIO *and* FIAMMETTA.

FIAMMETTA.

I do not know whether it be quite right  
To listen, as I have, day after day  
And evening after evening.

BOCCACCIO.

Are my sighs  
Less welcome in the garden and the bower,  
Than where loud organ bellow'd them away,  
And chorister and waxlight ran between ?

FIAMMETTA.

You sadly interrupted me at vespers :  
Never do that again, sir ! When I pray  
I like to pray with all my heart. Bold man !  
Do you dare smile at me ?

BOCCACCIO.

The bold man first  
Was smiled at ; was he not ?

FIAMMETTA.

No, no such thing :  
But if he was, it was because he sigh'd  
At the hot weather he had brought with him.

BOCCACCIO.

At the cold weather he fear'd coming on  
He sighed.

FIAMMETTA.

And did it come ?

BOCCACCIO.

'Too gracious lady !

FIAMMETTA.

Keep *gracious lady* for dull drawing-rooms ;  
*Fiammetta* is my name ; I would know yours.

BOCCACCIO.

*Giovanni.*

FIAMMETTA.

That I know (*aside*). I ought, alas !  
Often with Acciaïoli and Petrarca  
I've seen you walking, but have never dared  
To ask your name from them ; your house's name  
I mean, of course ; our own names stand for nothing.  
You must be somebody of high estate.

BOCCACCIO.

I am not noble.

FIAMMETTA, *shrinking back.*

Oh ! . . then ! . .

BOCCACCIO.

I must go !

That is the sentence, is it not ?

FIAMMETTA, *runs and takes his hand.*

Don't tell me

'Thou art not noble : say thou art most noble :  
Norman . . half-Norman . . quarter-Norman . . say it.

BOCCACCIO.

Say an untruth ?

FIAMMETTA.

Only this one ; my heart  
Will faint without it. I will swear to think it  
A truth, wilt thou but say it. 'Tis a truth :  
Thy only falsehood thou hast told already,  
Merely to try me. If thou art not noble . .  
Noble thou art, and shalt be !

*[She sobs and pauses : he presses her hand to his bosom.*

Who gainsays it ?

BOCCACCIO.

A merchant's son, no better, is thy slave,  
Fiammetta !

FIAMMETTA, *smiling*.

Now art thou disguised indeed.  
Come, show me specimens of turquises,  
Amethysts, emeralds, diamonds . . out with 'em.

BOCCACCIO.

A merchant's, and poor merchant's, son am I ;  
Gems I have none to offer, but pure love  
Proof to the touchstone, to the crucible.

FIAMMETTA.

What then or who is noble, and thou not ?  
I have heard whispers that myself am not so  
Who am king Robert's daughter. We may laugh  
At those who are, if thou and I are none.  
'Thou art my knight, Giovanni ! 'There now ; take  
*[Giving him her scarf.*  
'Thy patent of nobility, and wear it.

BOCCACCIO, *kisses it.*

What other but were cobweb after this ?

FIAMMETTA.

Ha ! kiss it ! but take care you don't kiss me. [*Runs away.*]

---

SCENE III. IN THE PALACE.

SANCIA *and* FILIPPA.

SANCIA.

Even you, my dear Filippa, are alert  
As any of the girls, and giddy too :  
You have dropt something now you cannot find

FILIPPA.

I have been busy, looking here and there  
To find Andrea.

SANCIA.

Leave him with his bride,  
Until they tire of saying tender things.

FILIPPA.

Untender things, I fear, are going on.  
He has been truant to the friar Rupert  
Of late, who threatens him with penances  
For leaving some injunction unperform'd.  
And more perhaps than penances are near :  
For sundry captains, sundry nobles, meet  
At friar Anselm's cell ; thither had sped  
Fra Rupert. In the garden of Saint Clara  
Voices were heard, and threats ; then whispers ran  
Along the walls. They walkt out, one by one,  
Soldiers with shuffling pace unsoldierly,



Friars with folded hands, invoking heaven,  
And hotly calm as night ere burst Vesuvius.

SANCIA.

Beyond the slight affronts all princes bear  
From those who miss what others have obtain'd,  
Andrea shall fear nothing. Heaven protects him.

FILIPPA.

Heaven, in its equal dispensation, gives  
The pious palms, the prudent length of days.  
We seek him not then with the same intent  
Of warning?

SANCIA.

With the same of warning; you,  
Where the good angels guard; I, where the bad  
Seduce him. Having reign'd, and having heard  
That thither tend his wishes . .

FILIPPA.

Momentary.

SANCIA.

But lawless wishes have returning wings  
Of speed more than angelic. I would win  
His private ear, lest courtiers take possession;  
I would persuade him, with his lovely bride  
To share all other troubles than the crown's.

---

SCENE IV. IN THE PALACE.

ANDREA *and* MARIA.

ANDREA.

Are we then going up to Capo-Monte?  
How long shall we remain there? all the night?

MARIA.

Until the evening.

ANDREA.

And where then?

MARIA.

Aversa.

ANDREA.

Ay, because there I askt her if she loved me :  
Besides . . the strangest thing on earth . . young brides  
Fly from the altar and roost anywhere  
Rather than near it. What should frighten them?  
But, if we go, why not set off directly?

MARIA.

We stay because the people round the gates,  
Who left too late their farms and villages  
To see our queen and you, expect at noon  
To follow the procession . .

ANDREA.

What procession?  
Is there another marriage? O rare sport!

MARIA, *continuing*.

From Castel-Nuovo far as Capo-Monte.

ANDREA.

O glorious! But we really shall be let  
Into the gardens and the groves?

MARIA.

Why not?  
Who should prevent us?

ANDREA.

Into all? Among  
The marble men and women who stand there,  
And only stir by moonlight? I don't think  
They stir at all: I am half-sure they don't.

MARIA.

I have been always of the same opinion.

ANDREA, *shakes his head.*

Although he said it who says mass, I doubt it.

MARIA.

Ah ! but to doubt is not to be half-sure :

The worst end may stick fast, like broken tooth.

ANDREA.

Now if you laugh, you make an unbeliever.

You girls are . .

MARIA.

Pray what are we ?

ANDREA.

Cunninger.

Fra Rupert told me he would break their bones.

MARIA.

Did he ?

ANDREA.

As bad. He'd tumble them down headlong,

If ever he once caught me looking up

Again at those who stood alert for swimming.

MARIA.

When ?

ANDREA.

Four years back. To me they seem'd pure marble,

But Frate Rupert never could have spited

Mere marble so, altho' they lookt like women.

I scarcely would believe him when he said

They once were devils, but could do no harm

(Now the salt water had been sprinkled on 'em)

Unless we look at them as worshippers.

MARIA.

I am sure you did not.

ANDREA.

No ; upon my faith !

MARIA.

We never stand about them : we walk on.

ANDREA, *in a low voice.*

What ! when you are but one or two together ?  
I like their looks : the women are quite lovely,  
And the men too (for devils) not amiss.  
I wonder where they laid their plaguy scourges ;  
They must have had them, or were never worshipt.

MARIA.

Did not the Frate tell you ?

ANDREA.

Ask the Frate !  
He would have found them in a trice, and held  
The scourges good enough, tho' not the devils.

MARIA.

I think you mind him less than formerly.

ANDREA.

I am a married man.

MARIA.

But married men  
Fear priests and friars more than single ones

ANDREA.

He is the holiest monk upon God's earth,  
And hates you women most.

MARIA.

Then the least holy.

ANDREA.

Dost think it ? If I thought him so, I'd fear  
The beast no longer, broad as are his shoulders,  
His breath . . pho ! . . like a water-snake's, his fist  
Heavy as those big books in chapter-houses,  
And hairy as the comet ; for they say  
'Twas hairy ; tho' I saw no hairs upon it.

MARIA.

Whenever love comes upon *thee*, Andrea,  
Art thou not kinder ?

ANDREA.

Kinder, but not holier.

MARIA.

Is not thy heart more grateful?

ANDREA.

As may happen ;

A little thing would make it so.

MARIA.

And, tell me,

Art thou not readier to give alms?

ANDREA.

Tell *me*

How long, Maria, those bright eyes have seen

Into my thoughts? Fra Rupert knows not half one

Unless he question for an hour or better

And stamp and threaten, nor then more than half one.

I'll never fear him now : I'll tell him so.

MARIA.

Be not too hasty : tell him no such thing.

But fear him not ; fear rather those about him.

[FRA RUPERT *is seen prying.*

ANDREA.

Whom?

MARIA.

His Hungarians.

ANDREA.

They're my countrymen.

MARIA.

Should they make all us dread them?

ANDREA.

Me?

MARIA.

Even you,

Under Fra Rupert, like the best, or worst.  
Should they possess our kingdom?

ANDREA.

My wife's kingdom?  
No, by the Saints! they shall not touch her kingdom.

FRA RUPERT, *crossing the farther part of the stage.*  
They shall not touch her kingdom! . . and shalt thou?

ANDREA.

I heard a voice.

MARIA, *laughing.*

No doubt, no doubt, the Frate's.

ANDREA.

I hear and feel him farther off than thou dost.

MARIA.

Andrea! were thy ears as quick to hear  
Thy friends as enemies!

ANDREA.

Stil would that eye  
Glare over me, like the great open one  
Above the throne at church, of gold and azure,  
With neither brows nor lashes, but black clouds  
Round it, and nought beside.

MARIA.

The three eyes match,  
May be; but is there anything in church  
So like his voice?

ANDREA.

The organ-bellows are,  
Without the keys. That was not much unlike it . .  
A little softer . . and not too soft, neither.

MARIA.

I heard no voice whatever, not a sound.  
Are you stil half-afraid ?

ANDREA.

No, if thou art not.

MARIA.

Are you convinced ?

ANDREA.

I was not very soon.  
Men weigh things longer than you women do.  
Maria ! take my word, I am quite sated  
Of fearing, tho' (thank God !) the worst is past.

MARIA.

I praise this manliness, this resolution.

ANDREA.

Dost thou ? Already am I grown more manly,  
More resolute. O ! had your praise come earlier,  
And heartily as now, another man  
In thought and action might have been Andrea !  
But will you tell Giovanna what you think ?

MARIA.

I will indeed, and joyfully.

ANDREA.

Her praise  
Is better stil : your's screws the spur on heel,  
Hers scarfs the neck, and lifts the lance to hand.  
What's all this tinkling ?

[*Guitars in the next chamber : the door open.*

MARIA, *smiling.*

O ! again Fra Rupert !  
One of these voices surely must be his !  
Which of them ? cannot you distinguish it ?

ANDREA, *calls out.*

Who sings there ?

MARIA.

Do not stop them : let us hear.

PETRONILLA.

Ah ! do not go ! ah do not go  
Among the silly and the idle !  
A lover surely should not so  
From her who loves him slip and sidle.

GARISENDO.

The *saltarella*\* waits for me,  
And I must go and I must play . .  
Come ! do not dance, but hear and see,  
To-morrow we will love all day.

ANDREA.

Now she is reasonable, he might spare her  
A handful of his ribbons, or that net  
Silver and blue there dangling down his nape.  
Who is he ? I don't know him.

MARIA.

Garisendo.

ANDREA.

And t'other ?

MARIA.

Petronilla.

ANDREA.

Nor her neither.

MARIA.

I and Giovanna know here every face.

ANDREA.

And every name ?

MARIA.

Every one.

ANDREA.

Clever creatures !

\* The favorite Neapolitan dance.



MARIA.

By all those twitchings at the two guitars,  
And tappings of fore-finger on the wrist,  
They seem to be at fault.

ANDREA.

No harm, no matter,  
Zooks ! they are up again ; he first . . . that's odd.

MARIA.

Nay, but he only tells her what to sing.

PETRONILLA.

There is a lad upon the sea,  
There is, O Mary ! such a lad !  
And all he thinks of, it is me.

GARISENDO.

Why then, my jewel ! he is mad.

PETRONILLA.

Mad ! he is no more mad than you.

GARISENDO.

Unless he stamps, and stares, and cries,  
As certain pretty creatures do,  
And stain their cheeks and spoil their eyes.

PETRONILLA.

I love, I love him with my whole . . . [Sobbing.

GARISENDO.

Go on, go on : you mean to say  
(I'd lay a wager) heart and soul,  
And very well, no doubt, you may.

PETRONILLA.

No, I may not, you cruel man !  
He never did what you have done,  
Yet, say and do the worst you can,  
I love, I love, but you alone.

MARIA.

He has not much offended.

ANDREA.

Who can tell ?

E

I am quite sorry they have fallen out.  
What almanack can calculate fine weather  
In those strange fickle regions where God plants  
A man and woman, and sticks love between !

MARIA.

All the man's fault.

ANDREA.

All hers. She went and teased him :  
With my own eyes I saw it ; so might you.

MARIA.

You do not always look so melancholy  
At music ; yet what music can be gayer  
Than this is ?

ANDREA.

Gayer, say you ? Ay, the music.  
But if folks quarrel so in joke, what will they  
In earnest ? If, before they're man and wife . .  
Ah ! Heaven be praised ! there's time to break it off.  
Look, look at them !

MARIA.

She seems more reconciled.

ANDREA.

Reconciled ! I should say . .

MARIA.

Pray, don't say anything.

ANDREA.

Ready for . . By my troth ! 'twas a salute !

MARIA.

Now what things run into your head, Andrea !

ANDREA.

It was as like as pea to pea, if not . .  
However, let them know, another time  
They must not sing about the house, in that way.

MARIA.

Why not ?

ANDREA.

Giovanna might not like it now.

MARIA.

So ! you would do then all she likes ?

ANDREA.

I would :

But if she ever hears that wicked song,  
She might not do all *I* like. Sweet Maria !  
Persuade them, when you see them, to forget it ;  
And, when you go to bed, turn on your pillow,  
First drop it from one ear, then from the other,  
And never pick it up again, God love you !

MARIA.

I'll run to them directly with your wishes.

ANDREA.

Stay : the last verse is clever ; pick out that.

MARIA.

And nothing more ?

ANDREA, *anxiously*.

Don't overload your memory.

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SCENE V.—FRA RUPERT'S CELL

---

ANDREA *and* FRA RUPERT.

FRA RUPERT.

What ! am I never to be left alone,  
Andrea ? Let me have my pleasures too,  
Such as they are.

ANDREA.

They're very much like mine.  
Have we not prayed and scourged and wept together ?

FRA RUPERT.

Ah ! were that now the case !

ANDREA.

Well, father, well !

I would not stand between you and your duty :

But I thought, being prince . .

FRA RUPERT, *sneering*.

Thou, being prince,

Thoughtest ! Thou verily not only toppest

Thyself, but most among thy fellows, lad !

And so, Andrea ! being prince, thou thoughtest ?

ANDREA.

Good-bye ! thou art as brave and blithe as ever.

[*Goes, but turns back.*]

I had one little thing upon my conscience.

FRA RUPERT.

I am quite ready : let me know the whole :

Since yesterday ? Nod ! wink ! to me !

ANDREA *to himself*.

He chafes me.

FRA RUPERT.

And throw your head back thus ?

ANDREA.

My head's my own.

FRA RUPERT.

Wonderful ! Be not over-sure of that.

[*Aside.*]

If thou art contrite, go !

ANDREA.

I will not go ;

I am not contrite.

FRA RUPERT.

I am in a maze !

ANDREA.

A scrape thou'rt in.

FRA RUPERT.

A scrape! Who could betray me? [*To himself.*]

ANDREA.

Thou'st lost thy lamb, old shepherd! no great pet.

FRA RUPERT, *recovering himself.*

No, nor great loss: when lambs, tho', lose their shepherd  
They find the shambles nearer than the fold.

ANDREA.

Father! you said you must confer with me  
Another time?

FRA RUPERT.

I did so.

ANDREA.

Why not now?

FRA RUPERT.

I see not why: but soon Caraccioli,  
And first Caraffa, must unbosom here.  
Thou hast much power, Andrea! thou canst do  
Anything now to glorify thy country.

ANDREA.

Suppose I wish to swim to Ischia;  
Could I?

FRA RUPERT.

Thou hast not wind enough for that.  
Am I to be evaded, taunted, posed?  
Or thinkest thou, Andrea, that because  
A silly girl espouses thee . . .

ANDREA.

By Peter!  
She who espouses me shall ne'er be call'd

A silly girl. I am a husband, Frate !  
I am a boy no longer : I can cope  
With women : and shall men then, even tho' friars,  
Pretend to more ? . . I will go back and call  
The maidens : they shall pelt you from the palace,  
If ever you set foot within its walls.

FRA RUPERT.

Should every stone from maiden hit my nose,  
A grain of dust would hurt it tenfold more.

ANDREA.

Know, they have tongues that yours could never meet.

FRA RUPERT.

Andrea ! wouldst thou kill me with unkindness ?

ANDREA.

Gad ! he sheds tears ! . . Now at him ! . . Yes, I would.

FRA RUPERT.

And bring down these grey hairs . .

ANDREA.

Which hairs are they ?  
The skull's are shaven, and the beard's are dirty ;  
They may be grey though.

FRA RUPERT.

Shame upon thy mirth !  
I am a poor old man.

ANDREA.

'Tis your vocation.  
Beside, I have heard say that poverty  
Is the best bargain for the best place yonder  
In Paradise. All prick their feet before  
They clamber upward into that inclosure.  
'Tis well worth while.

FRA RUPERT.

Age too (alas how heavy !)  
To serve my loving ward, my prince's son,  
I would support stil longer, willingly.

ANDREA.

Frate ! 'tis more than I can say for it.

[RUPERT *creeps supplicatingly toward him.*

Out of my sight ! crawl back again . . I loathe thee.

## SCENE VI.

FRA RUPERT *alone.*

I have no malice in me : if I know  
My secret heart, no heart so pure of malice :  
But all my cares and vigils, hopes and dreams,  
Blown by a boy, spurn'd by a brute, away !  
So ends it ? Blessed Stephen ! not so ends it.  
It ends with him, and with him only : me  
No sword can touch. Why are not come those fools ?  
I thought the other would have kept them off.  
I will have power without him, and not thro' him.  
They must have clean forgotten. 'Tis the hour . .  
'Tis past it . . no, not past it . . just the hour ;  
The bell now strikes for noon.

[*A knocking.*

One comes at last.

[*Opens the door : CARAFFA enters.*

FRA RUPERT.

Exactly to the moment.

CARAFFA.

I was walking

About the cloister till I heard the bell,  
For Father Rupert's hours are golden ones.

FRA RUPERT.

May my friends spend them profitably for me !  
Caraffa ! thine are number'd.

CARAFFA.

All men's are.

FRA RUPERT.

But some are not notch't off like schoolboys' days,  
Anxious to see his parent. Thou may'st see  
Thy parent too.

CARAFFA.

I left him but just now.

FRA RUPERT.

We all have one, one whom we all have left  
Too often. Hast thou not some sins for me ?

CARAFFA.

As many as a man could wish to have.

FRA RUPERT.

Are there none dangerous ? none involving life ?  
Hast thou forgotten our last conference ?

CARAFFA.

No, nor shall ever. But what danger there ?

FRA RUPERT.

Need I to say, Francesco, that no breath  
Transpired from me ? We both were overheard.

CARAFFA.

I think you hinted it.

FRA RUPERT.

I fear'd it only.  
Thou knowest my fond love . . I will not say



For thee . . thou art but second in my breast . .  
Poor, poor Andrea !

CARAFFA.

Never fear about him.  
Giovanna, even tho' she did not love,  
(O that she did not !) yet would never wrong him.

FRA RUPERT.

Nay, God forbid she should ! 'Twas not for me  
To mark her looks, her blushes, gestures, . . how  
Faltered the word *Caraffa* as she spoke it.  
Thy father then said nothing ?

CARAFFA.

Not a word ;  
What should he ?

FRA RUPERT.

Not a word. Old men are close :  
And yet ! doubted . . I am apt to doubt . .  
Whether he might not . . for ambition stirs  
Most fathers . . just let slip . . Why didst thou falter ?  
For never faltered child as thou didst falter.  
Thou knowest then her mind better than we ?

CARAFFA.

I know it ? I divine it ? Would I did !

FRA RUPERT.

Nay, rather let the bubble float along  
'Than break it : the rich colours are outside.  
Everything in this world is but a bubble,  
The world itself one mighty bubble, we  
Mortals, small bubbles round it !

CARAFFA.

Frate ! Frate !

Thou art a soapy one ! No catching thee ! [aside.  
[Aloud.] What hopes thou showest me ! If these were solid

As thou, most glorious bubble who reflect'st them,  
Then, then indeed, to me from this time forth  
The world, and all within the world, were bubbles.

FRA RUPERT.

A knight art thou, Caraffa ! and no title  
(Secular title, mind ! secular title)  
Save only royalty, surpasses knighthood.  
There is no condescension in a queen  
Placing her foot within the palm of knight,  
And springing from it on her jewel'd saddle :  
No condescension is there if she lend  
To theirs the sceptre who lent hers the sword.  
Knights there have been, and are, where kings are not,  
Kings without knights what are they ?

CARAFFA.

Norman blood  
Runs in my veins as in her own : no king  
(Savage or tame) shall stand above those knights  
Who raised his better to the throne he won :  
Of such am I. But what am I before  
Giovanna ! to adore, to worship her,  
Is glory far above the chiseling  
Of uncouth kings, or dashing them to earth :  
O be it mine !

FRA RUPERT.

Perhaps some other Norman  
May bear less tamely the new yoke ; perhaps  
A Filangieri may, this very night . .

CARAFFA.

No Filangieri ever stoop't to treachery,  
No sword of Norman ever struck by night.  
Credulous monk ! to me name Filangieri !  
Quellers of France and England as we are,

And jealous of precedency, no name  
(Offence to none) is higher than Filangieri.

FRA RUPERT.

Boaster !

CARAFFA.

I boast of others ; few do that  
Who merit such a title.

FRA RUPERT.

Lower thy crest ;  
Pause ! thou art in my hands.

CARAFFA.

I am in God's.

FRA RUPERT, *mildly, after hesitation.*

Who knows but God hath chosen thee, amid  
His ministers of wrath, to save thy country  
And push oppression from her ! Dreams and signs  
Miraculous have haunted me.

CARAFFA.

Thee, Frate !

FRA RUPERT.

Me, even me. My ministry is over :  
Marriage ends pupilage, and royalty  
Ends friendship. Little is it short of treason  
To say that kings have friends.

CARAFFA.

How short of treason  
I know not, but I know how wide of truth.

FRA RUPERT.

Listen ! There are designs against the life  
Of young Andrea.

CARAFFA.

By the saints above !  
I hope there are not.

FRA RUPERT.

If thy name be found  
Among conspirators (and those are call'd  
Conspirators who vindicate their country)  
Where thy sword is, there must thy safety be.  
The night for vengeance is the marriage-night.

CARAFFA.

*I draw the sword without defiance first ?  
I draw the sword uninjured ? Whom against ?  
Against a life so young ! so innocent  
Of any guile ! a bridegroom ! in his bed !  
O ! is this horror only at the crime ?  
Or is it . . . No, by Heaven ! 'tis Heaven's own horror  
At such unmanly deed. I, Frate ! I,  
Caraffa, stain with tears Giovanna's cheek !  
I sprinkle poison on the flowers she smells !*

FRA RUPERT, *resolutely*.

Hark ye, Caraffa ! If the public good . .

CARAFFA.

Away with public good ! Was never book  
Put in my hand ? was never story told me ?  
Show me one villain vile beyond the rest,  
Did not that villain talk of public good ?

FRA RUPERT.

Only at friars are Caraffa's stabs.  
Valiant and proud and wealthy as thou art,  
'Thou may'st have nothing left on earth to-morrow.

CARAFFA.

I shall have more to-morrow than to-day.  
My honour may shoot up all in one night,  
As did some tree we read of.

FRA RUPERT.

'Thou art rash.

CARAFFA.

Rashness may mellow into courage ; time  
Is left me.

FRA RUPERT.

For thy prayers.

CARAFFA.

My prayer then is,  
Peace, safety, glory, joy, to our Giovanna !

FRA RUPERT.

Thou may'st depart.

CARAFFA, *indignantly*.

For ever.

[*Goes.*

FRA RUPERT.

He says well.

CARACCIOLI *enters*.FRA RUPERT, *smiling and embracing him*.

Caraccioli ! without our friend Caraffa !

CARACCIOLI.

He should have been here first.

FRA RUPERT, *aside*.

Perfectly safe !

I did not follow him into the cloister.

CARACCIOLI.

Father ! you seem as pondering to yourself  
How that wild fellow kept his word so ill ;  
Caraffa-like !

FRA RUPERT.

I keep mine well with him.

CARACCIOLI.

He should have thought of that.

FRA RUPERT.

He had no time.

CARACCIOLI.

Always so kind ! so ready with your plea  
For little imperfections ! Our Francesco,  
Somewhat hot-headed, is warm-hearted too.

FRA RUPERT.

His petty jealousy about the queen  
(Were there no sin behind it) we might smile at.  
Caraffa stands not with Caraccioli.

CARACCIOLI.

On the same level . . there particularly.

FRA RUPERT.

Ho ! ho ! you laugh and jeer about each other ?

CARACCIOLI.

We might. How she would laugh at two such ninnies !

FRA RUPERT.

At one, most certainly. But laughing girls  
Often like grave men best. There's something grand,  
As well as grave, even in the sound "Caraccioli."

CARACCIOLI.

I have no hopes.

FRA RUPERT.

How I rejoice to hear it !  
Hopes are but wishes, wishes are but sin,  
And, fed with ranker exhalations, poison.

CARACCIOLI.

The subtlest consumes me.

FRA RUPERT.

What ?

CARACCIOLI.

Despair.

FRA RUPERT.

Violets and primroses lie under thorns  
Often as asps and adders; and we find  
The unexpected often as the expected,  
The pleasant as the hideous.

CARACCIOLI.

That may be,  
But what avails your lesson? whither tends it?

FRA RUPERT.

My son! I hear from those who know the world  
And sweep its noisome litter to my cell,  
There are mild days when love calls love abroad  
As birds call birds, and even leaves call leaves:  
Moments there are, my poor Caraccioli!  
Moments in which the labyrinth of the ear  
At every turn of its proclivity  
Grows warmer, and holds out the clue, itself:  
Severity should not beget despair.  
I would not much encourage thee, nor yet  
Dash all thy hopes, however inconsiderate,  
For hopes there may be, though there should not be,  
Flickering even upon despondency.  
There may be sounds in certain names to smite  
The stagnant heart, and swell its billows high  
Over wide spaces, over distant years. . .  
There may; but who would utter them and know it?  
Delicate is the female sense, yet strong  
In cherishing and resenting; very prompt  
At hiding both, and hating the discoverer.  
Never, my Paolo! look too deeply in,  
Or thou may'st find what thou art looking for.  
Not that she ever said one word against thee;

She even lower'd her voice in naming thee.  
Seeing her sister and the rest sit giggling,  
*Anything else ! anything else !* said she,  
And snapt the thread she workt with, out of spite.  
A friend, who hopes the best, may tell the worst.  
Patience will weary ; even Giovanna's patience.  
I could go farther, and relate . . but why  
Why ('tis too light to touch upon) relate  
The little hurt she gave Filippa's ancle  
With that lark heel of hers, by twitching it  
Uneasily ? O the impatient sex !  
She did shed . . tears I will not say . . a tear . .  
Shed it ! no ; I am wrong : it came, it stayed,  
As hangs one star, the first and only one,  
Twinkling, upon some vernal evening.

CARACCIOLI.

I am but clay beneath her feet. Alas !  
Clay there would quicken into primal man,  
Glorified and immortal once again.

FRA RUPERT.

Thou art too hot, my Paolo ! One pulse less  
In the half-hour might have been rather better.  
Lovest thou our Francesco ?

CARACCIOLI.

Like a brother.

FRA RUPERT.

He should not then have brought thy life in peril.  
Andrea is quite furious : all at court  
Are sworn upon thy ruin.

CARACCIOLI.

Upon mine ?  
I will then calmly tell them they are wrong.



FRA RUPERT.

Will they as calmly hear? Francesco said,  
Imprudent youth! you boasted of remembering  
Every the lightest mole about Giovanna.

CARACCIOLI.

I say it?

FRA RUPERT.

Those were not your words.

CARACCIOLI.

My words!

FRA RUPERT.

Certainly not . . precisely.

CARACCIOLI.

Holy Mary!

Is there in Naples, Hungary, or Hell,  
The monster who dares utter them?

FRA RUPERT.

'Tis hard

Our friend should be the very man.

CARACCIOLI.

'Tis false,

Frate! 'tis false: my friend is not the man. [*Bursts away.*

FRA RUPERT, *sneering.*

I will not follow *him* into the cloister.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I. IN THE GARDEN OF CAPO DI MONTE.

BOCCACCIO *and* FIAMMETTA.BOCCACCIO, *sings*.

If there be love on earth, 'tis here,  
O maid of royal line!  
Should they who spring from heroes, fear?  
Be scornful the divine?  
Shine not the stars upon the sea,  
Upon the fountain too?  
O! let your eyes then light on me,  
And O! let mine see you.

[FIAMMETTA *comes forward*.]

How kind, to come!

FIAMMETTA.

To come into the air?  
I like it. They are all at their *merenda*\*.  
The smell of melon overpowers me quite;  
I could not bear it; therefor I just come  
Into the air to be revived a little.  
And you too here! Sly as the satyr-head [*Affecting surprise*.  
Under yon seat!

BOCCACCIO.

Did you not tell me?

FIAMMETTA.

*I?*

You dreamt it.

\* *Merenda* (*meridiana*) the mid-day repast.

BOCCACCIO.

Let me dream then on ! Without  
Such dreams, Fiammetta, dull would be the sleep  
Call'd life.

FIAMMETTA, *looking round timidly.*

I must be broad awake.

BOCCACCIO.

You must.

FIAMMETTA, *nodding.*

And you. All are indulgent to me ; most  
Of all, queen Sancia and Giovanna.

BOCCACCIO.

One  
A saint, the other better.

FIAMMETTA.

Then the grave  
Filippa . .

BOCCACCIO.

Grave and watchful.

FIAMMETTA.

Not a word  
Against her ! I do hold her in my heart,  
Although she gives me good advice sometimes.

BOCCACCIO.

I'm glad to hear it ; for the very worthy  
Are very rarely general favorites.

FIAMMETTA.

Some love our friend most cordially ; those know her :  
Others there are who hate her ; those would know her  
And cannot ; for she stands aloof and thanks them ;  
Remoter, idler, neither love nor hate,  
Nor care about her ; and the worst and truest  
They say of her, is, that her speech is dark.

BOCCACCIO.

Doubtless, the vulgar eye will take offence  
If cedar chambers are unwasht with lime.

FIAMMETTA.

But why are you come here ?

BOCCACCIO.

To gaze, to sigh,  
And, O Fiammetta ! tell me if . . to live.

FIAMMETTA, *laughing*.

I never saw more signs of life in any.

BOCCACCIO.

Cruel !

FIAMMETTA.

To find the signs of life in you ?

BOCCACCIO.

To scoff them out.

FIAMMETTA.

I am incapable.

[BOCCACCIO *rises, and steps back gazing fondly.*

O now, Giovanni ! I am terrified !

Why ! you sprang up . . as if you sprang to kiss me !

Did ever creature think of such a thing !

BOCCACCIO.

The drooping blades of grass beneath your feet

Think of it ; the cold runlet thinks of it ;

The pure sky (how it smiles upon us !) thinks of it . .

I will no more then think of it. [Kisses her.

FIAMMETTA.

Giovanni !

Ah ! I shall call you (wretch !) to task for this.

BOCCACCIO.

Call ; and, by Heaven ! I'll come, tho' from the grave.

FIAMMETTA.

Any-one, now, would say you thought me handsome.

BOCCACCIO.

Earth has two beauties ; her Bellagio  
And Anacapri ; earth's inhabitants  
Have only one among them.

FIAMMETTA.

Whom ?

BOCCACCIO.

Fiammetta.

[*Going.*

FIAMMETTA.

Where are you running now ? Stay ! tho' quite angry,  
I am not yet so angry as I should be :  
But, if you ever take such liberties  
Again !

BOCCACCIO.

O never ! . . till we reach Aversa.

FIAMMETTA.

And will you there ? and tell me to my face ? [*Is departing.*  
Wait, wait for pardon. Must we part ? So soon ?  
So long a time ?

BOCCACCIO.

Til star-light.

FIAMMETTA.

Stay a moment.

BOCCACCIO.

Gladly a life : but my old mule loves walking  
And meditation. Now the mask and dress,  
And boy to carry them, must all be found.

FIAMMETTA.

Boy, mask, dress, mule ! speed, gallop, to Aversa !

BOCCACCIO.

So many kisses lie upon this hand,  
Mine hardly reach it.

FIAMMETTA.

Lips there may have been ;  
Had there been kisses, I must sure have felt them,  
As I did yours . . at least I thought I did. .  
But go, for I am half afraid of you . .  
That is, of your arriving yonder late.  
Go, else the crowd may stop you ; and, perhaps,  
I might delay you for some sudden fancy,  
Or . . go your ways . . not let you go at all.

---

## SCENE II. FRA RUPERT'S CELL.

FRA RUPERT *alone*.

I wisht him power ; for what was his was mine ;  
I wisht him jealousy, distrust, aversion  
For his pert bride, that she might have no share.  
I never fail'd before this wretched day.  
Fail'd ! I have not : I will possess my rights,  
Spring over him, and never more be spurn'd.  
They who had rais'd his seat, shall stablsh mine,  
Without those two vain boys. O ! had they done it !  
And not been where they are ! 'The fault was theirs.

MAXIMIN *enters*.

FRA RUPERT.

Maximin ! since thy services may soon  
Be call'd for, satchel on thee my experience,  
Then set about thy work. My Maximin !  
Mind how thou liest ! Know, if lie thou must,  
Lies, while they sap their way and hold their tongues,  
Are safe enough : when breath gets into them,  
They, and the work about them, may explode.  
Maximin ! there are more lies done than said.

Son ! when we hesitate about the right,  
We're sure to do the wrong.

MAXIMIN.

I don't much hesitate.

FRA RUPERT.

To chain a dog and to unchain a dog  
Is hazardous alike, while the deaf beast  
Stands barking : he must sleep ; then for the cord.

MAXIMIN.

What ! are my services in some farm-yard ?  
I am a soldier.

FRA RUPERT.

All great statesmen have been.  
How large a portion of the world is each  
In his own eyes !

MAXIMIN.

Am I so proud in saying  
I am a soldier ?

FRA RUPERT.

I am proud of thee ;  
Be that sufficient. Give thou every man  
What he requires of thee.

MAXIMIN.

A world to each ?

FRA RUPERT.

Not so : yet hold not up to him a glass  
That shows him less, or but some digits greater.

MAXIMIN.

Honestly now, Fra Rupert, by my cross !  
No gull art thou. I knew that trick myself,  
And (short the digits) told it word for word.

FRA RUPERT.

I will be sworn for thee. Being minister  
(Not that I think it certain just at present,

For when the sage and honest are most wanted,  
That is the chink of time they all drop through)  
But when thou art so, mind this precept. One  
Not wise enough to keep the wiser off  
Should never be a minister of state.

MAXIMIN.

Fra Rupert ! presto ! make me one to-day.  
Give fifty precepts, there they go ! [*blowing*] but this  
I'll kiss the cross and the queen's hand, and keep.

FRA RUPERT.

*I make thee minister !*

MAXIMIN.

You can make kings.

FRA RUPERT.

Not even those ! I might have made Andrea  
What thou and every true Hungarian  
Wisht him to be, ere he show'd hoof for claw,  
And thought to trample down his countrymen.

MAXIMIN.

Andrea bloody-minded ! turtle-doves  
Are bloody-minded then, and leave their elm,  
The first day's mating, for the scent of gore.

FRA RUPERT.

Maximin ! here is no guitar for thee,  
Else mightest thou sing that pure poetry,  
Preciously warm and frothy from the udder.

MAXIMIN.

Father ! if any in our troop call'd me  
A poet, he should sing for it.

FRA RUPERT.

Thou'rt brave,  
Maximin ! and Andrea is not bloody.  
But there are princes, or have been within



Our memory, who, when blood gusht forth like water  
From their own people, stood upon some bridge  
Or iland, waving their plumed caps, and drank  
The cries of dying men with drunken cars.

MAXIMIN.

Curses, eternal curses, man's and God's,  
Upon such heathens !

FRA · RUPERT.

Nay, they were not heathens ;  
Happily they were christians, Maximin !  
Andrea, though myself instructed him,  
Is treacherous. Better were this pasty people  
Dissolved, washt down, than brave Hungarians perish.

MAXIMIN.

No truer word prophet or saint e'er spoke.

FRA RUPERT, *sighing*.

Saint hath not spoken it : O may not prophet !

MAXIMIN.

I, being neither, cannot understand you.

FRA RUPERT.

The innocent, the helpless, are surrounded.

MAXIMIN.

Andrea ?

FRA RUPERT.

My Andrea would betray us.

MAXIMIN.

To whom ? Are we the helpless ? we the innocent ?

FRA RUPERT.

While he is yonder at Aversa, we  
Are yelling thro' these very streets for mercy.

MAXIMIN.

I cry *you* mercy, father ! When I yell,

I'll borrow whistles from some thirty good  
Neapolitans, who'll never want them more.

FRA RUPERT.

Be ready then ! be ready for Aversa !  
Glory stands there before thee ; seize the traitor,  
Win wealth, win jewels, win . . What have not palaces  
For brave young men upon such nights as these !

MAXIMIN.

Would'st bid me stick Andrea ?

FRA RUPERT.

Hungary,  
Not I ; our country, not revenge.

MAXIMIN.

Bids murder !  
I will proclaim thy treason thro' the camp.

FRA RUPERT.

Unhappy son, forbear ! By thy sweet mother !  
Upon my knees ! Upon my knees before  
A mortal man ! Yea, Rupert ! bend thy head ;  
Thy own son's hand should, and shall, spill thy blood.

[MAXIMIN starts, then hesitates, then rushes at him.]

MAXIMIN.

Impudent hound ! I'll have thy throat for that.

FRA RUPERT, *guards his throat.*

Parricide ! make me not cry Murder . . love  
Forbids it . . rather die ! My son ! my son !  
Hide but thy mother's shame ; my shame, not hers.

[MAXIMIN relaxes his grasp.]

Maximin ! stand between the world and it !

Oh ! what avails it ! sinner as I am !

Other worlds witness it.

[MAXIMIN looses hold.]

My Maximin !

[RUPERT embraces him.]

MAXIMIN.

Why, how now, Frate ! hath some wine-vault burst  
And fuddled thee ? we know thou never drinkest.

FRA RUPERT.

'That lighter sin won't save me.

MAXIMIN.

If light sins  
Could save us, I have many a bushelful,  
And little need your sentry-boxes yonder.

FRA RUPERT, *very mildly*.

I must reprove (my own dear child !) (*Passionately*) . . I must  
Reprove, however gently, such irreverence.  
Confessionals *are* sentry-boxes ! true !  
And woe betide the sentry that naps there !  
Woe, if he spare his voice, his prayer, his curse !

MAXIMIN.

Curses we get dog-cheap ; the others, reasonable.

FRA RUPERT.

Sweet Maximin ! whatever my delight  
In gazing on those features (for sharp shame,  
When love blows over it from lands afar,  
Tingles with somewhat too, too like delight !)  
We must now part. Thy fortune lies within  
My hands. To-night, if thy own officers  
Command thee to perform a painful office . .

MAXIMIN.

Good father ! what know we of offices ?  
Let them command a duty, and 'tis done.

FRA RUPERT.

Discreet tho' ! Maximin ! discreet ! my marrow !  
Let not a word escape thee, not a breath.  
Blessings, my tender kid ! We must walk on  
(I love thee so !) together thro' the cloister.

MAXIMIN.

No, father ! no ; too much !

FRA RUPERT.

Too much for thee ?

[RUPERT *precedes, speaks to three men, who bow and retire ; he disappears.*

MAXIMIN, *loitering in the cloister.*

Incredible ! yet friars and cockroaches

Creep thro' all rooms, and like the closest best.

Let me consider ! can it be ? how can it ?

He is bare fifty ; I am forty-one.

---

SCENE III. THE GARDEN OF FRIAR ANSELM'S  
CONVENT.

FRA RUPERT, KLAPWRATH, ZINGA, *and* PSEIN.

FRA RUPERT.

Ye brave supporters of Hungarian power

And dignity ! O Zinga ! Klapwrath ! Psein !

Becomes it me to praise (we may admire

Those whom to praise were a temerity)

Such men as you.

PSEIN.

Us ? we are only captains.

ZINGA.

After hard service we are nothing more.

KLAPWRATH.

'Twenty-three years hath Klapwrath rode and thirsted.

FRA RUPERT.

Ingratitude ! the worst of human crimes,

Hardly we dare to say ; so flat and stale,

So heavy with sick sobs from mouth to mouth,

The ejaculation. To my mind scarce witchery  
Comes up to it.

PSEIN.

Hold ! father ! For that sin  
Either we deal with devils or old women.

FRA RUPERT.

Man was created of the dust ; to make  
The fragile mass cohesive, were employed  
The bitter waters of ingratitude. *[Affects to weep.*

KLAPWRATH.

Weeping will never rinse that beaker, Frate !

FRA RUPERT.

It is not for myself.

ZINGA.

We see it is not.

FRA RUPERT.

Ye cannot see deep into me.

PSEIN.

Few can.

FRA RUPERT.

Ye cannot see the havoc made within  
By ever-dear Andrea.

ZINGA.

Havoc ?

FRA RUPERT.

Havoc !

KLAPWRATH.

I like the word : purses and rings hang round it,  
Necklaces, broches, and indented armlets.

PSEIN.

But, ere we reach 'em, ugly things enough,  
Beside the broken swords that lie below  
And brave men brandisht in the morning light.

KLAPWRATH.

Brave men then should not cross us ; wise men don't.

FRA RUPERT.

Your spirit all attest ; but those the least  
Whose safety hangs upon your saddle-skirts.  
Men are not valued for their worth in Italy :  
Of the same price the apple and the peach,  
The service and the fig.

ZINGA.

Well, there they beat us.

PSEIN.

Whatever they may be, we cannot help it.

FRA RUPERT.

Help it, I say, ye can ; and ye shall help it,  
Altho' I perish for ye.

KLAPWRATH.

Then indeed,  
Frate ! some good might come of it ; but wilt thou ?

FRA RUPERT.

Abandon to his fate my poor Andrea !  
Has he not slept upon this bosom ?

KLAPWRATH.

Has he ?  
He must have had some scratches on his face.

FRA RUPERT.

Has he not eaten from this hand ?

KLAPWRATH.

Why then,  
He'll never die for want of appetite.

FRA RUPERT.

Have we not drunk our water from one bowl ?

KLAPWRATH.

Father ! you were not very liberal ;  
He might have drunk the whole of mine, and welcome.

FRA RUPERT.

How light ye make of life !

ZINGA.

Faith ! not so light ;  
I think it worth a tug, for my part of it ;  
Nor would I leave our quarters willingly.

PSEIN.

O the delight of floating in a bath,  
One hand athwart an orange-bough, the other  
Flat on the marble pavement, and our eyes  
Wandering among those figures round the arch  
That scatter flowers, and laugh at us, and vie  
With one another which shall tempt us most !  
Nor is it undelightful, in my mind,  
To let the curly wave of the warm sea  
Climb over me, and languishingly chide  
My stopping it, and push me gently away.

KLAPWRATH.

Water, cold, tepid, hot, is one to me.  
The only enemy to honest wine  
Is water ; plague upon it !

ZINGA.

So say I.

FRA RUPERT.

Three braver friends ne'er met. Hei ! hei ! hei ! hei !  
The very name of friend ! You cannot know  
What love I bear Andrea !

PSEIN.

All the world  
Knows it.

FRA RUPERT.

The mischief he designs, who guesses ?

PSEIN.

All boys are mischievous.

FRA RUPERT.

Alas ! but mischief  
There might be without treachery.

PSEIN.

Poor Andrea !  
So little fit for it !

FRA RUPERT.

Frank generous souls  
Always are first to suffer from it, last  
To know it when they meet it.

KLAPWRATH.

Who shall harm  
Our own king's colt ? Who moves, speaks, looks, against  
him,  
Why ! that man's shroud is woven, and spread out.

FRA RUPERT.

Let mine then be ! would it had been so ere  
I saw this day !

PSEIN.

What has he done ?

FRA RUPERT.

To me  
All kindness ever. Why such mad resolves  
Against the lives of his most sure defenders ?  
Against his countrymen, his guards, his father's  
Most chosen friends ?

ZINGA.

Against your life ?

FRA RUPERT.

No, no !  
Heaven protects *me* ; he sees it ; nor indeed  
(To do him justice) has he such a heart.  
But why ask *me* to aid him ? Why ask *me*  
Whether he was as strong at heart as Zinga,  
Dexterous at sword as Klapwrath, such a fool . . .  
Pardon ! your pardon, gentlemen !     [*Looking at* PSEIN.]



PSEIN.

As Psein.

FRA RUPERT.

The very word ! Who else dared utter it ?  
I give him up ! I almost give him up !

KLAPWRATH.

He shall not rule us. The best blood of Hungary  
Shall not be poured this night upon the wine.

FRA RUPERT.

If you must leave the country . . and perhaps  
No worse may reach the greater part of you . . ,

PSEIN.

I have no mind to leave it.

ZINGA.

None shall drive us.

KLAPWRATH.

The wines of Hungary strive hard with these,  
Yet Klapwrath is contented ; he hates change.

ZINGA.

Let us drink these out first, and then try those.

FRA RUPERT.

Never will come the day when pine-root fire  
And heavy cones puff fragrance round the room,  
And two bluff healthy children drag along  
(One by the ear, the other by the scut)  
A bulging hare for supper ; where each greyhound  
Knows his own master, leaps up, hangs a foot  
Inward, and whimpers piteously to see  
Flagons go round ; then off for bread and lard.  
Those were your happy times ; unless when foray  
Stirr'd ye to wrath, and beeves, and swine, and trulls,  
(Tempting ye from propriety) heapt up  
A mount of sins to strive against ; abduction

Of linen-chests, and those who wove the linen ;  
And shocking oaths obscene, and well-nigh acts ;  
Fracture of cellar-doors, and spinning-wheels ;  
And (who can answer for you) worse, worse, worse !

KLAPWRATH.

'Sblood ! Frate ! runs no vine-juice in our arteries ?  
Psein's forehead starts wry veins upon each side ;  
His nostrils blow so hot they'll crack my boots.

ZINGA.

Must we move hence ?

FRA RUPERT.

To die like sheep ? like conies ?  
Ye shall not die alone ; I will die with you.  
There have been kings who sacrificed their sons .  
Abraham would have done it ; Pagans have ;  
But guardians such as I am !

KLAPWRATH.

Frate ! Frate !  
Don't tear those tindery rags, or they will quit thee  
With only horse-hair under, and some stiffer.

FRA RUPERT.

You conquer me, you conquer me, I yield.  
He was not bloody. Would it end with one !  
And we knew which . . or two, or three.

ZINGA.

But *us* ?

FRA RUPERT.

" *If once the captains of the companies,*"  
Said he . . and then, I own, he said no more :  
He saw me shudder, and he sped away.

KLAPWRATH.

Are we to hold our throats out to the knife ?

FRA RUPERT.

Patience ! dear doubtful Klapwrath ! mere suspicion !  
He did not say the knife, or sword, or halter,  
He might have meant the scaffold ; nothing worse ;  
Deprive you he might not of all distinction,  
Nay, might spare one or other of you yet :  
Why then prevent what may need no prevention ?  
Slyer are few ; many more sanguinary :  
Must we (don't say it) give him up ? I hope  
He's mischievous through weakness, not malignity.

ZINGA.

What matters that ? A feather-bed may stifle us  
(If we will let it) with a babe to press it.  
Is there no other prince in Hungary  
Fit to maintain us here ?

FRA RUPERT.

The very thought  
That came into my head !

PSEIN.

But when ours fall,  
What matters it who leaps upon his horse  
To overlook our maintenance ? A fool  
I may be, can his wisdom answer that ?

ZINGA.

He doubts my courage, bringing thus his own  
Against it. He's a boy : were he a man,  
No injury, no insult, no affront . .  
Every man is as brave as I . . Stop there !  
By all my saints ! by all my services !

[*He shows several about him.*

This hilt shall smash his teeth who dares say, *braver*.

KLAPWRATH.

What I am you know best, at battling it ;

Nothing is easier : but I've swum two nights  
 And days together upon Baian wine,  
 And so have ye : 'twould swamp that leaky nump-skull.  
 Behead us ; good ! but underrate us ; never !

FRA RUPERT.

Having thus clear'd our consciences, and shown  
 Our purity in face of day, we swear . . . [*Hesitates.*

ZINGA.

Frate, if *you* don't grudge an oath or two . .

FRA RUPERT.

Death to Andrea ! loyalty to Lewis !

ALL.

Hurrah !

FRA RUPERT.

Sweet friends ! profane not thus the cloister !  
 Leave me to weep for him ! the cruel boy !

#### SCENE IV. PALACE OF AVERSA ; SALOON OVER- LOOKING THE GARDEN.

SANCIA, FILIPPA, MARIA, FIAMMETTA.

MARIA.

Ha ! here they come again. See ! Lady Sancia  
 Leaning upon Filippa. They are grown  
 Wiser, and will not barter songs for griefs.

BOCCACCIO *sings.*

A mellow light on Latmos fell,  
 It came not from the lowly cell,  
 It glided from the skies ;  
 It lighted upon one who slept,  
 Some voice then askt him why he wept,  
 Some soft thing prest his eyes.

Another might have wonder'd much,  
Or peer'd, or started at the touch,  
But he was far too wise ;  
He knew the light was from above,  
He play'd the shifting game of love,  
And lost at last three sighs.

FIAMMETTA (*to FILIPPA*).

I wish he would come nearer, just to see  
How my hair shines, powder'd with dust of gold :  
I think he then would call me . .

MARIA.

What ?

FIAMMETTA.

Fiammetta.

FILIPPA.

He hardly . . poet as he seems to be . .  
Such as he is . . could feign a better name.  
He does not seem to be cut out for singing.

FIAMMETTA.

I would not have his voice one tittle altered.  
The poetry is pretty . . She says nothing.  
The poetry is charming . . Now she hears me.  
The most delightful poetry ! . . O Lady  
Filippa ! not one praise for it ! not one !  
I never dreamt you were yourself a poet.

FILIPPA.

These summer apples may be palatable,  
But will not last for winter ; the austere  
And wrinkle-rinded have a better chance.  
Throw a whole honeycomb into a haystack,  
It may draw flies, but never will feed horses.  
With these same cogs (eternally one tune)  
The mill has floured us with such dust all over  
As we must shake off, or die apoplectic.

Your gentle silken-vested swains may wish  
All poetry one sheepfold.

MARIA.

Sheep are well,  
Like men and most things, in their proper places,  
But when some prancing knight would entertain us,  
Some gallant, brightening every gem about him,  
I would not have upon the palace steps  
A hind cry out, "*Make way there for my sheep.*"  
'They say (not speaking of this woolsy race)  
'They say that poets make us live for ever.

FILIPPA.

Sometimes the life they lend is worse than none,  
Shorn of its glory, shrivel'd up for want  
Of the fresh air of virtue.

FIAMMETTA.

Yet, to live !  
O ! and to live by those we love so well !

FILIPPA.

If such irregularities continue  
After to-night, when freedoms are allowed,  
We must lock up the gardens, rigorously  
Forbidding all the inmates of the palace  
To use the keys they have.

FIAMMETTA.

The good king Robert  
Sooner had driven out the nightingales  
Than the poor timid poets.

FILIPPA.

Timid poets !  
What breed are they of ?

FIAMMETTA.

Such as sing of love.

FILIPPA.

The very worst of all ; the boldest men !

MARIA.

Nay ; not the boldest ; very quarrelsome,  
Tragic and comic, hot and cold, are so ;  
And so are nightingales ; the gardener  
Has told me ; and the poets do no worse  
Than they do. Here and there they pluck a feather  
From one another, here and there a crumb ;  
But, for hard fighting, fair straight-forward fighting,  
With this one nosegay I could beat them all.  
In good king Robert's day were lute and lyre ;  
Now hardly dare we hang them on the nail,  
But run away and throw them down before  
The blustering drum and trumpet hoarse with rage.  
Let poetry and music, dear Filippa,  
Gush forth unfrozen and unchecked !

FILIPPA.

Ah child !  
Thy fancy too some poet hath inflamed :  
Believe me, they are dangerous men.

MARIA.

No men  
Are dangerous.

FILIPPA.

O my child !

MARIA.

The very creatures  
Whom God has given us for our protection.

FILIPPA.

But against whom ?

MARIA.

I never thought of that.

FIAMMETTA.

Somebody told me once that good king Robert  
Gave keys to three or four, who neither were  
Nor would be constant inmates of the court.

MARIA.

Who might and would not ! This is an enigma.  
They must have felt, then, very low indeed.  
Among our glass-house jewels newly-set  
I have seen vile ones, and have laugh't to think  
How nicely would my slipper pat their faces ;  
They never felt thus low.

SANCIA.

We feel it for them.  
Prescriptively, we leave to our assayers  
To stamp the currency of gold and brass.

FIAMMETTA to FILIPPA.

Have you not prais'd the king your very self  
For saying to Petrarca, as he did,  
*" Letters are dearer to me than my crown,  
And, were I forced to throw up one or other,  
Away should go the diadem, by Jove ! "*

SANCIA.

Thou art thy very father. Kiss me, child !  
His father said it, and thy father would.  
When shall such kings adorn the throne again !

FIAMMETTA.

When the same love of what Heaven made most lovely  
Enters their hearts ; when genius shines above them,  
And not beneath their feet. [Goes up to GIOVANNI.]

SANCIA to FILIPPA.

Rapturous girl !  
Warmth ripens years and wisdom. She discourses  
Idly as other girls on other things.



FILIPPA.

That ripening warmth fear I.

SANCIA.

Portending what ?

FILIPPA.

Ah, gracious lady ! sweetest fruits fall soonest . .

SANCIA.

( Who sweeter ? )

FILIPPA.

And are bruised the most by falling.

MARIA *joining them.*

Sicily and myself are disagreed.

Surely the man who sang must have thick fingers,

He play'd so badly : but his voice is sweet,

For all its trembling.

FIAMMETTA.

Now I think the trembling

Makes it no worse. I wish he would go on.

MARIA.

Evidently the song should finish there.

FIAMMETTA.

Evidently it should go on . . (*aside*) for ever.

MARIA.

Ho ! ho ! you are not cruel to the knight ?

FIAMMETTA.

It is no knight at all.

SANCIA.

How know you that ?

MARIA.

You would be frightened . .

FIAMMETTA.

He could never frighten.

MARIA.

If tilting . .

FIAMMETTA.

Nobody would hurt Giovanni.

---

SCENE V.

ANDREA, MARIA, *and* FIAMMETTA.

ANDREA.

So ! you too have been listening, every soul,  
I warrant ye.

MARIA.

And have you too, Andrea ?

ANDREA.

From that snug little watch-tower. 'Twas too high ;  
I only lookt upon the tops of trees.  
See ! him there ! maskt ! under the mulberry !

FIAMMETTA.

I do not see him . Look for him elsewhere.  
That is a shadow.

ANDREA.

Think you so ? It may be.  
And the guitar ?

FIAMMETTA.

What ! that great yellow toad-stool ?

ANDREA.

How like is everything we see by starlight !

FIAMMETTA, *aside*.

If there were not a star in all the sky,  
Every one upon earth would know Giovanni !

ANDREA.

I wish the mulberries were not past, that dozens  
Might drop upon him, and might speckle over  
His doublet : we should see it like a trout  
'To-morrow, white and crimson, and discover  
'The singer of this nonsense about light.

FIAMMETTA.

If you don't like it, pray don't listen to it.

MARIA, *maliciously*.

'Then let us come away.

FIAMMETTA.

Pray do.

MARIA, *taking her arm*.

Come.

FIAMMETTA, *peevishly*.

No.

MARIA.

Listen ! another song !

FIAMMETTA.

Hush ! for Heaven's sake !

O ! will you never listen ? All this noise !

MARIA.

Laughter might make some ; smiles are much too silent.

FIAMMETTA.

Well ; you have stopt him ! Are you now content ?

MARIA.

Quite, quite ; if you are.

FIAMMETTA.

He begins again !

Hush ! for the hope of Paradise ! O hush !

BOCCACCIO *sings*.

List ! list ye to another tale !

FIAMMETTA.

No ; he who dares tell one  
To other ears than one's, shall fail.

BOCCACCIO.

I sing for her alone.

ANDREA.

I have a mind to be . .

MARIA.

What ? prince !

ANDREA.

What ? angry.

MARIA.

Not you.

ANDREA.

Not I ? Why, who should hinder me ?

MARIA, *coaxing*.

No, no ; you won't be angry, prince !

ANDREA.

I said

Half-angry, and resolve to keep my word.

MARIA.

Anger is better, as pomegranates are,  
Split into halves, and losing no small part.

ANDREA.

I never heard such truth about pomegranates !

What was the other thing we reason'd on ?

Ho ! now I recollect, as you shall see.

[ *Goes : all follow.*

## SCENE VI. GARDEN.

ANDREA, MARIA, FIAMMETTA, *and* BOCCACCIO.

ANDREA.

Keep back : where thieves may be, leave men alone.  
Now for drawn swords ! Where are they ; slipt behind  
The mulberry : wisely schemed ! 'twon't do ! come forth !  
Yield ! tremble like a poplar-leaf ! Who art thou ?  
[*Seizing* BOCCACCIO.

BOCCACCIO.

King Robert, sir, respected me.

ANDREA.

Did *he* ?  
Did *he* ? Then far more highly should Andrea.  
Sicily ! treat him kindly. We may all,  
Even you and I, commit an indiscretion.  
How the stars twinkle ! how the light leaves titter !  
And there are secret quiverings in the herbs,  
As if they all knew something of the matter,  
And wisht it undisturb'd. To-night no harm  
Shall happen to the worst man in Aversa.

## ACT V.

## SCENE I. PALACE OF AVERSA.

ANDREA *and* GIOVANNA.

GIOVANNA.

How gracefully thou sattest on thy horse,  
Andrea !

ANDREA.

Did I ?

GIOVANNA.

He curveted so,  
Sidled and pranced and croucht and plunged again,  
I almost was afraid, but dared not say it.

ANDREA.

Castagno is a sad curvetting rogue.

GIOVANNA.

'Twas not Castagno ; 'twas Polluce.

ANDREA.

Was it ?

How canst thou tell, Giovanna ?

GIOVANNA.

I can tell.

ANDREA.

All at hap-hazard : I am very sure  
'Twas not the horse you look'd at ; nor did I  
'Think about riding, or about the palfrey,  
Crimson and gold, half palfrey and half ostrich.  
But thou too ridest like a queen, my dove !

GIOVANNA.

So very like one ? Would you make me proud ?

ANDREA.

God forbid that ! I love thee more for beauty.  
Ne'er put on pride, my heart ! thou dost not want it ;  
Many there are who do ; cast it to them  
Who cannot do without it, empty souls !  
Ha ! how you look ! is it surprise or pleasure ?

GIOVANNA.

Pleasure, my love ! I will obey with pleasure  
This your first order. But, indeed, my husband,  
You must not look so fondly when the masks come,  
For you and I, you know, shall not be maskt.

ANDREA.

A pretty reason for not looking fond !  
Must people then wear masks for that ?

GIOVANNA.

Most do.  
I never saw such fondness as some masks  
Presented.

ANDREA.

Thou hast never seen half mine ;  
Thou shalt ; and then shalt thou sit judge between us.  
We have not spoken more to-day, my chuck,  
Than many other days, yet thou appearest  
Wiser than ever. I have gain'd from thee  
More than I gave.

GIOVANNA.

And, without flattery,  
I am more pleased with your discourse than ever.

ANDREA, *fondly*.

No, not than ever. In this very room

Didst thou not give to me this very hand  
Because I talkt so well?

GIOVANNA.

We foolish girls  
Are always caught so.

ANDREA.

Always kept so, too?  
Well, we must see about it then, in earnest.

GIOVANNA.

Andrea! one thing see to: pray inquire  
If, in the crowd that rusht so thro' the gates,  
No accident has happen'd. Some cried out,  
Some quarrel'd; many horses started off  
And bore amidst them.

ANDREA.

Never fear.

GIOVANNA.

But ask.

[*He goes.*]

---

## SCENE II.

FIAMMETTA, MARIA, FILIPPA, and SANCIA, *enter.*

MARIA.

The bridegroom is among the other grooms,  
Asking odd questions: what man's horse broke loose,  
Who was knockt down, what fruit-stall overturn'd,  
Who quarrel'd, who cried out, struck, ran away.

GIOVANNA.

Maria! this is pleasantry.

ANDREA, *returning hastily.*

They say,

Caraffa and Caraccioli are dead.



GIOVANNA.

It cannot be : they were both well this morning

FILIPPA.

The west-wind blew this morning . . no air now.

GIOVANNA.

O but, Filippa ! they both came together.

Did not queen Sancia tell you ?

FILIPPA.

I have seen

Two barks together enter the port yonder,

And part together.

GIOVANNA.

But to die at once !

FILIPPA.

Happy the friends whom that one fate befalls !

GIOVANNA.

So soon !

FILIPPA.

Perhaps so soon.

GIOVANNA.

It may be happy,

It must be strange ; awfully strange indeed !

[FIAMMETTA goes out.]

ANDREA.

My darling ! how you pity those two youths !

I like you for it.

GIOVANNA.

Both have fathers living :

What must they suffer ! Each . . I never heard,

But may well fancy . . loved some girl who loves him.

I could shed tears for her.

MARIA.

My dear Giovanna !

Do queens shed tears ? and on the wedding-day ?

SANCIA.

I see no reason why they should not.

FILIPPA, *aside*.

I,

Alas! see far too many why they should.

ANDREA.

What did Filippa say? that brides should cry?

FILIPPA, *to GIOVANNA and MARIA*.

Not idly has the genial breath of song  
Turn'd into pearls the tears that woman sheds:  
They are what they are call'd: some may be brighter  
Among your gems, none purer, none become  
The youthful and the beautiful so well.

ANDREA, *as FIAMMETTA enters*.

Here enters one you never will teach that,  
She is too light for grief, too gay for love,  
And neither salt nor misletoe can catch her,  
Nor springe nor net: she laughs at all of them  
Like any woodpecker, and wings away.  
I know you women; I'm a married man.

FIAMMETTA.

They will not give the story up: they draw  
All different ways, but death they all will have.

ANDREA.

Ay, and one only will not satisfy them.

[*An officer enters, and confers apart with him.*]

Certain?

GIOVANNA.

Some other accident less heavy,  
Heaven! let us hope!

ANDREA.

Strangled ! O what a death !  
One of them . . one (no matter now which of them)  
Disliked me, shunn'd me ; if we met, look'd at me  
Straiter and taller and athwart the shoulder,  
And dug his knuckles deep into his thigh.  
I gave him no offence . . yet, he is gone . .  
Without a word of hearing, he is gone !  
To think of this ! to think how he has fallen  
Amid his pranks and joyances, amid  
His wild heath myrtle-blossoms, one might say,  
It quite unmans me.

SANCIA.

Speak not so, my son !  
Let others, when their nature has been changed  
To such unwonted state, when they are call'd  
To do what angels do and brutes do not,  
Sob at their shame, and say they are unmann'd :  
Unmann'd they cannot be ; they are not men.  
At glorious deeds, at sufferings well endured,  
Yea, at life's thread snapt with its gloss upon it,  
Be it man's pride and privilege to weep.

## SCENE III. GRAND SALOON.

*Masks passing.*

ANDREA, GIOVANNA, MARIA, FIAMMETTA, FILIPPA.

FILIPPA.

It may be right, my lady, that you know  
What masks are here.

GIOVANNA.

I have found out already  
A few of them. Several waived ceremony  
(Desirably at masks) and past unnoticed.  
The room fills rapidly.

FILIPPA.

Not to detain  
My queen (for hundreds anxiously approach),  
Pardon ! I recognised the Prince Luigi.

GIOVANNA.

Taranto ? Tell our cousin to keep on  
His mask all evening. Hither ! uninvited !

MARIA, *out of breath.*

Think you the dais will keep the masks from hearing ?

GIOVANNA.

Why should it ?

MARIA.

Oh ! why should it ? He is here.  
Even Filippa could distinguish him.  
Every one upon earth must know Taranto.

GIOVANNA.

Descend we then : beside the statue there  
We may converse some moments privately.

MARIA.

Radiant I saw him as the sun . . a name  
We always gave him . . rapid as his beams.  
I should have known him by his neck alone  
Among ten thousand. While I gazed upon it,  
He gazed at three mysterious masks : then rose  
That graceful column, ampler, and more wreathed  
With its marmoreal thews and dimmer veins.  
The three masks hurried thro' the hall ; Taranto  
After them (fierce disdain upon his brow)

Darted as Mercury at Jove's command.  
No doubt, three traitors who dared never face him  
In his own country, are courageous here.

GIOVANNA.

'Taranto, then, 'Taranto was unmaskt !  
Against my orders !

MARIA.

Rather say, *before*.  
Luigi never disobeyed Giovanna.

GIOVANNA.

Filippa carried them.

MARIA.

I know his answer.

GIOVANNA.

Repeat it then, for she may not to-night.

MARIA.

" *Tell her I come the cousin, not the prince,  
Nor with pretension, nor design, nor hope ;  
I come the loyal, not the fond, Taranto.*"  
Why look you round ?

GIOVANNA.

'The voice is surely his.

MARIA.

The thoughts are . .

GIOVANNA, *pressing her hand*.

May, O Heaven ! the speaker be ! [ *Both walk away.*

FRA RUPERT, *maskt and disguised, to one next.*

I heard our gracious queen, espoused to-day,  
Give orders that Taranto keep well maskt.

NEXT MASK, *to another.*

Ho then ! 'Taranto here !

SECOND MASK.

What treachery !

FRA RUPERT, *maskt.*

He could not keep away. Tempestuous love  
Has tost him hither. Let him but abstain  
From violence, nor play the jealous husband,  
As some men do when husbands cross their road.

SECOND MASK.

Taranto is a swordsman to the proof.

FIRST MASK.

Where is he ?

FRA RUPERT, *maskt.*

He stood yonder, in sky-blue,  
With pearls about the sleeves.

SECOND MASK.

Well call him Phœbus !  
I would give something for a glimpse at what  
That mask conceals.

FRA RUPERT, *maskt.*

Oh ! could we catch a glimpse  
Of what all masks conceal, 'twould break our hearts.  
Far better hidden from us ! Woman ! woman ! [*Goes off.*]

FIRST MASK *to second.*

A friar Rupert ! only that his voice  
Breathes flute-like whisperings, rather than reproofs.

SECOND MASK.

Beside, he stands three inches higher ; his girth  
Slenderer by much.

FIRST MASK.

Who thought 'twas really he ?  
I only meant he talkt as morally.

THIRD MASK *coming up to* FOURTH.

I am quite certain there is Frate Rupert.

## FOURTH MASK.

Where is he not ? The Devil's ubiquity !  
But, like the Devil, not well known when met.  
How found you him so readily ? What mark ?

## THIRD MASK.

Stout is he, nor ill-built, though the left shoulder  
Is half a finger's breadth above the right.

## FOURTH MASK.

But that man's . . let me look . . that man's right shoulder  
Stands two good inches highest.

## THIRD MASK.

Doubt is past . .  
We catch him ! over-sedulous disguise !

---

SCENE IV.ANDREA, *enters*.

We have a cousin in the house, my queen !  
What dost thou blush at ? Why art troubled ? Sure  
We are quite grand enough for him : our supper  
(I trust) will answer all his expectations.

MARIA.

So, you have lookt then at the supper-table ?

ANDREA.

'Twould mortify me if Giovanna's guests  
Were disappointed.

GIOVANNA.

Mine ! and not yours too ?

ANDREA.

Ah sly one ! you have sent then for Taranto  
And would not tell me ! Cousin to us both,  
To both he should be welcome as to one.

Another little blush ! Why, thou art mine,  
And never shalt, if love's worth love, repent it.

GIOVANNA.

Never, my own Andrea ! for such trust  
Is far more precious than the wealthiest realms,  
Or all that ever did adorn or win them.

ANDREA.

I must not wait to hear its value told,  
We shall have time to count it out together.  
I now must go to greet our cousin yonder,  
He waits me in the balcony ; the guards  
Have sent away the loiterers that stood round,  
And only two or three of his own friends  
Remain with him. To tarry were uncourteous.

MARIA, *earnestly to him.*

I do believe Luigi is below.

ANDREA.

Do not detain me : we have never met  
Since your proud sister spoke unkindly to him,  
And, vaulting on his horse, he hurried home.

[*Goes.*

MARIA.

The soldiers there do well to guard the balcony,  
And close the folding-doors against intrusion.

[*Cry is heard.*

FIAMMETTA.

Ha ! some inquisitive young chamber-lady,  
Who watcht Luigi enter, pays for it.  
Those frolicsome young princes are demanding  
A fine for trespass.

GIOVANNA.

Nay, they are too rude,  
Permitting any rudeness. Struggles ! sobs !  
Andrea never caused them.



MARIA.

Shame, Taranto !

GIOVANNA.

Stifling of screams ! Those nearer are alarm'd ;  
Those farther off are running for the staircase ;  
And many come this way ! What can they mean ?  
See ! they look angry as they run, and dash  
Their hands against their foreheads ! (*Very alarmed.*)  
Where's a page ?

[*A page stands maskt in the doorway : crowds of un-  
maskt behind him.*

MARIA.

A page ! a page !

PAGE, *to himself.*

I am one ; and discovered ! [*Advances.*

GIOVANNA.

Run ; see what those young courtiers round the princes  
Are doing in the balcony. Below ;  
Not there.

PAGE.

I might mistake the prince Andrea,  
Not having ever seen him, quite a stranger,  
Being prince Luigi's page, whom I awaited,  
To say his groom and horse are near at hand.

MARIA.

He goes then ?

PAGE.

Ere it dawn.

GIOVANNA.

Oh ! hasten ! hasten  
Below, and instantly run back again,  
Telling me what you can discover there.

PAGE, *returns.*

Lady ! the lamps about the balcony  
Are all extinguishd.

GIOVANNA.

Is the wind so high ?

What didst thou hear, what didst thou note, beside ?

PAGE, *hesitating*.

Against the gentlest, the most virtuous queen,

Opprobrious speech, threats, imprecations . .

GIOVANNA, *earnestly*.

Pass it.

PAGE, *continues*.

Upon the stairs ; none from the gardens.

GIOVANNA.

There

What sawest thou ?

PAGE.

Over the balcony

Downward some burden swang.

GIOVANNA.

Some festive wreath

Perhaps.

PAGE.

Too heavy ; almost motionless.

MARIA.

Several damask draperies thrown across.

PAGE.

May-be. The wind just stirr'd the bottom of them :

I had no time to look : I saw my prince

Fighting.

MARIA.

O heaven ! was ever night like this .

PAGE.

For gallant sword ! it left two proofs behind :

The third man, seeing me (poor help for arm

So valiant !) fled.

MARIA.

O! we are safe then, all!

[*Very joyous.*

PAGE.

No cap lost they, nor did the one who fled :  
Whose, in the world of Naples, can be this ?

[*He takes from under his richly embroidered cloak the cap  
of ANDREA. GIOVANNA clasps it to her face, and falls  
with a stifled scream.*

ANOTHER PAGE, *brings in ANDREA's ermine cloak.*

This cloak fell near me from the balusters.

MARIA.

His own ! Ha ! this dark speck is not the ermine.

FILIPPA.

See ! she revives ! hide it away ! O guests  
Of our unhappy festival, retire.

END OF ANDREA OF HUNGARY.



GIOVANNA OF NAPLES.



## MALE CHARACTERS.



LEWIS, *King of Hungary.*  
LUIGI, *Prince of Taranto.*  
ACCIAJOLI, *Seneschal of Naples.*  
UGO DEL BALZO.  
SPINELLO, *General of Naples.*  
RIENZI, *Tribune of Rome.*  
FRA RUPERT.  
BOCCACCIO.  
PETRARCA.  
PSEIN, *a Hungarian Captain.*  
POPE'S NUNCIO.  
PRIOR OF THE CELESTINES.



## FEMALE CHARACTERS.



WIFE OF RIENZI.  
FILIPPA OF CATANIA.  
SANCIA, *her Granddaughter.*  
PRINCESS MARIA.  
FIAMMETTA.





# GIOVANNA OF NAPLES.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I. GARDEN OF CAPO-DI-MONTE.

BOCCACCIO *and* FIAMMETTA.

BOCCACCIO.

Adieu the starlit gardens of Aversa,  
The groves of Capo-Monte !

FIAMMETTA.

Why adieu ?

BOCCACCIO.

One night will throw its gloom upon them long.

FIAMMETTA.

It will indeed : but love can dwell in gloom,  
And not repine in it.

BOCCACCIO.

The generous man,  
Who might have much impeded ours, gave way  
To better impulses. My face is flusht  
To think of his hard doom, and find myself  
Happy where he was happy, and so lately !

FIAMMETTA.

I too have sighs, nor for thee only, now.  
Giovanni, had an angel told it me

The other day, I should have disbelieved.  
We all are now alike. Even queen Sancia,  
Sancia, so calm in sorrow, said, *Death comes*  
*To some with flames across his angry brow,*  
*To others holds green palm and aureole crown,*  
*Dreadless as is the shadow of a leaf . .*  
But, while she said it, prest my hand and wept,  
Then prayed of Heaven its peace for poor Andrea.

BOCCACCIO.

We may think too as wisely as the queen  
When we attain her age ; of other flames  
And other palms and other crowns just now.  
Like every growth, thoughts also have their seasons ;  
We will not pluck unripe ones ; they might hurt us.  
That lady then was with you ?

FIAMMETTA.

She herself  
Led me up hither by the sleeve. Giovanna  
Is there below, secure, in Castel-Nuovo.  
Look you ! what crowds are gathering round about it.

BOCCACCIO.

I see them, and implore you, my Fiammetta,  
To tarry here, protected by queen Sancia.

FIAMMETTA.

And will you tarry near me ?

BOCCACCIO.

While the queen  
Your sister is quite safe.

FIAMMETTA.

What ! thinkest thou  
She ever can be otherwise than safe ?  
I will run down to her.

BOCCACCIO.

There is no danger  
At present ; if there should be, my weak aid

Shall not be wanting. He whom she laments  
I too lament : this bond unites me with her ;  
And I will keep her in my sight, and follow  
(As lighter birds follow the powerfuller,)  
Where'er the tempest drives her . . not to save,  
But break the fall, or warn her from below.

FIAMMETTA.

Generously spoken, my own sweet Giovanni !  
Do so, and I can spare you ; but remember  
Others may want a warning too, may want  
Some one to break a fall, some one to save . . .  
Giovanni ! O Giovanni ! to save what ?  
For what is left but love ? . . save that, Giovanni !

BOCCACCIO.

Were any infelicity near you,  
Crowns and their realms might perish : but your sister  
Is part of you : had she but lookt into  
Your cradle, and no more ; had one kind word,  
And only one, fallen from her upon you,  
My life should be the price for it.

FIAMMETTA.

Your life !  
We have but one, we two. But until she  
Is safe again, and happier, you shall keep it.  
Go, go then ; follow her ; but soon return.  
While you are absent from me, shapeless fears  
Must throng upon and keep awake my sorrow.

BOCCACCIO.

To grieve for what is past, is idle grief,  
Idler to grieve for what may never be.  
Courage ! when both most wish it, we shall meet.

## SCENE II. CASTEL-NUOVO.

GIOVANNA *and* DEL BALZO.

GIOVANNA.

Ugo del Balzo ! thou art just and firm.  
Seek we the murderers out, and bring them forth  
Before their God and fellow men, if God  
Or fellow men have they. Spare none who did  
This cruel deed. The partner of my throne,  
Companion of my days . . until that day . .  
Avenge ! In striking low the guilty head  
Show mercy to my people. Take from me  
And execute with promptness this commission.  
O what a chasm in life hath one day made,  
Thus giving way with such astounding crash  
Under my feet, when all seem'd equable,  
All hopeful, not a form of fear in sight.

DEL BALZO.

Lady ! if all could see the pangs within  
Which rend your bosom, every voice would pause  
From railing and reproach.

GIOVANNA.

Reproach who will,  
Rail who delight in railing. Could my arm  
Protect the innocent ?

DEL BALZO.

But strange reports  
(With this commission in my hand I speak it)  
Murmur throughout the city. Kindred, ay,  
Close kindred are accused.

GIOVANNA.

Such accusations  
Have burst upon my ear : they wrong my cousin.

A man more loyal than the brave Taranto  
Nor court nor field e'er saw : but even he  
Shall not escape if treachery be found  
Within the shadow of that lofty mien.

DEL BALZO.

No, by the sword of the arch-angel ! no . .  
Altho' his sister smiles this hour upon  
Her first-born of my dear and only brother  
The duke of Andria. Thou must weep, Francesco !  
And she, and I ; for such dishonour taints  
The whole house through, obscuring past and future.  
Was he not in Aversa ?

GIOVANNA.

He was there.

DEL BALZO.

And were no orders given that he keep on  
His mask all evening ?

GIOVANNA.

Yes, I gave those orders.

DEL BALZO.

The queen's commission reaches not the queen.

GIOVANNA.

Imperfect then is that commission, Ugo !

DEL BALZO.

Freedom of speech is limited.

GIOVANNA.

By what ?

DEL BALZO.

The throne.

GIOVANNA.

For once, then, push the throne more back,  
And let thy words and actions have their scope.

DEL BALZO.

Why was Aversa chosen for the revels ?

[The QUEEN hesitates, and sighs deeply.]

One answer comes from all. Because the town  
Is Norman, the inhabitants are Norman,  
Sworn enemies to an Hungarian prince ;  
The very name sounds hostilely ; the walls  
Built in aversion to the pride of Capua.

GIOVANNA.

I could give other answer, which such hearts  
Would little understand. My happiest days  
Were spent there . . O that there my last had closed !  
Was it not in Aversa we first met ?  
There my Andrea, while our friends stood round  
At our betrothment, fain would show me first  
A horse they led for him from Hungary.  
The hands we join'd were little hands indeed !  
And the two rings we interchanged would ill  
Let pass the bossy chain of his light hair  
Entwisted with my darker, nor without  
His teeth was then drawn thro' it. Those were days  
When none saw quarrels on his side or mine,  
Yet were there worse than there were latterly,  
Or than since childhood ever. We have lived  
From those days forth without distrust and strife.  
All might have seen but now will not know that.

DEL BALZO.

Lady ! the court and people too remember  
That none more courteous, none more beautiful,  
Lives than the prince Luigi. . . they acknowledge  
That prince Andrea's qualities fell short . .

GIOVANNA.

Del Balzo ! cease ! he was your prince but now . .  
His virtues were domestic . . few saw those.

DEL BALZO.

Few, I confess it ; not so few the other's ;  
His assiduities, his love.

GIOVANNA.

Do these  
Remember too, whate'er advantages  
The prince Luigi of Taranto had,  
I gave my hand where they who rear'd me will'd,  
That no contention in our family  
Might reach my people? Ugo! tell me now  
To whom show'd I my love? To them or him?

DEL BALZO.

Lady! 'twas nobly done. Yet he was seen  
To walk among the maskers on that night,  
Was ordered to keep on his mask, was known  
To watch Andrea in the balcony,  
To rush away, to fight below the place  
Where the inhuman deed was perpetrated,  
And then to fly.

GIOVANNA.

O! if Taranto could  
Be guilty! . . but impossible! My sister  
Saw him pursue three masks: and his own page  
Found him in fight with one, where two were slain.

DEL BALZO.

Would any court receive such testimony?

GIOVANNA.

Examine then more closely. I am lost,  
Not in conjectures, for my mind flies off  
From all conjecture, but in vague, in wild  
Tumultuous thoughts, all broken, crost, and crazed.  
Go, lose no moment. There are other things [DEL BALZO goes.  
I could have said . . what were they? . . there are things . .  
Maria . . why not here! . . She knows there are . .  
O! were the guilty so perplexed as I am,  
No guilt were undiscover'd in the world!

## SCENE III.

FILIPPA, SANCIA TERLIZZI, DEL BALZO.

SANCIA TERLIZZI.

Gentle and gracious and compassionate,  
Companion and not queen to those about her,  
Giovanna delegates her fullest powers  
To stern Del Balzo ; and already force  
Enters the palace gates.

FILIPPA.

Let them be closed  
Against all force. Send for the seneschal.

SANCIA TERLIZZI.

Acciajoli has departed for Aversa,  
There to make inquest.

FILIPPA.

Who dares strike the door ?

DEL BALZO, *entering*.

The laws.

FILIPPA.

Count Ugo ! is the queen extinct ?

DEL BALZO.

The princee is. Therefor lead with due respect  
These ladies, and the rest, away. [To an Officer.

FILIPPA.

What means  
This violence ?

DEL BALZO, *to the Officer*.

Let none, I pray, be used. [To FILIPPA.

Behold the queen's commission ! In that chamber  
Where close examinations must ensue,  
In clear untroubled order let your words  
Leave us no future violence to be feared.



FILIPPA, *returning the paper.*

The queen hath acted as she always acts,  
Discreetly; bravely : it becomes her race  
And station : what becomes a faithful subject  
Let us do now.

[*The QUEEN enters*

SANCIA TERLIZZO.

Turn : lo, the queen herself !

DEL BALZO.

Lady ! there is one chamber in the realm,  
And only one, and that but for one day,  
You may not enter.

GIOVANNA.

Which is that, Del Balzo ?

DEL BALZO.

Where the judge sits against the criminal.

GIOVANNA.

Criminal ! none are here.

DEL BALZO.

If all my wishes  
Avail'd me, there were none.

GIOVANNA.

Sure, sure, the palace  
Is sacred.

DEL BALZO.

Sacred deeds make every place  
Sacred, unholy ones make all unholy.

GIOVANNA.

But these are our best friends.

FILIPPA.

My royal mistress !  
The name of friendship and the name of justice  
Should stand apart. Permit me to retire. . . [*To DEL BALZO.*  
Whither, sir, you must dictate.

DEL BALZO.

Lead them on.

[*The QUEEN throws her arms round FILIPPA, who gently removes them and goes.*

Lady ! would you protect the culpable ?

GIOVANNA.

Ugo del Balzo ! would you wrong the queen ?

DEL BALZO.

I recognise the lofty race of Robert,  
And my arm strengthens and my heart dilates.

GIOVANNA.

Perform your duty, sir, and all your duty ;  
Win praise, win glory . . mine can be but tears. [Goes.

## SCENE IV.

FRA RUPERT, DEL BALZO.

FRA RUPERT.

Confessionals are close ; and closer stil  
The heart that holds one treasure.

DEL BALZO.

Father Rupert !

What brought thee hither at this busy hour ?

FRA RUPERT.

My duty : I must not delay my duty.

DEL BALZO.

What is it ?

FRA RUPERT.

I would fain absolve from sin  
(Far as the Church allows) the worst of sinners.

DEL BALZO.

In few plain words, who sent for thee ?

FRA RUPERT.

In fewer,  
I scorn thy question.

DEL BALZO.

Father ! thou must wait.  
The prince's death involves some powerful ones,  
Whose guilt or innocence shall presently  
Be ascertained.

FRA RUPERT.

What ! and shall man hear first  
The guilty soul confess its secret sin ?  
Shall not the angels carry up the tale  
Before the people catch it ?

DEL BALZO.

They, no doubt,  
Already have done this.

FRA RUPERT.

Not half, not half.

DEL BALZO.

Father ! it seems thou knowest more about it  
Than I or any else. Why reddenest thou ?

FRA RUPERT.

Dost think, Del Balzo, any word escapes  
The sanctuary of consciences ? the throne  
Of grace and mercy on our earth below ?  
The purifier, the confessional ?  
So then ! some powerful ones are apprehended  
For what they did ! O merciful Del Balzo !  
Be sparing of a woman's blood, Del Balzo !  
And age hath claims upon our pity too ;  
And so hath youth, alas ! and early ties  
Suddenly broken shock far round about.  
Beside ; who knows ? . . thou canst not certainly . .

If any can . . they may be innocent,  
Each of the three, one more, one less, perhaps :  
Innocent should be all whose guilt lacks proof.  
O my poor child Andrea, pardon me !  
Thou wouldst not have sought blood for blood, Andrea !  
Thou didst love all these women ! most of all  
Her . . but there's justice, even on earth, Andrea ! [*Goes.*

DEL BALZO.

'Tis so ! that stern proud bosom bursts with grief.

#### SCENE V.

MARIA.

Ah why, Del Balzo, have you let come in  
The filthy monk, Fra Rupert ? He has frightened  
Sancia Terlizzi almost into fainting.  
And tell me by what right hath he or any  
Ordered her up into her room, and taken  
Her mother down below, into those chambers  
Which we have always been forbid to enter ?

DEL BALZO.

Perhaps to ask some questions ; for the queen  
Ought to be satisfied.

MARIA.

Then let me go  
And ask her : she would tell me in a moment  
What they will never get from her.

DEL BALZO.

Perhaps,  
O princess ! you may have mistaken.

MARIA.

No ;

I never was mistaken in Filippa.

Rudeness can neither move nor discompose her :

A word, a look, of kindness, instantly

Opens her heart and brings her cheek upon you.

DEL BALZO.

The countess has more glorious qualities

Than noble birth has given any else.

Whether her heart has all that tenderness . . .

MARIA.

Is my heart tender ?

DEL BALZO.

Be it not too tender,

Or it may suffer much, and speedily,

And undeservedly. The queen your sister,

Gentle as you, hath fortitude.

MARIA.

Giovanna

Is tenderer than I am ; she sheds tears

Oftener than I do, tho' she hides them better.

DEL BALZO.

I saw their traces : but more royally

Never shone courage upon grief suppress.

MARIA.

The lovely platane in the garden-walk

Catches the sun upon her buds half-open,

And looks the brightest where unbarkt and scathed.

O find them out who have afflicted her

With that most cruel blow.

DEL BALZO.

'Tis what she bade me,

And what I am now hastening to perform.

[Goes.

GIOVANNA *enters.*

MARIA.

Courage, Giovanna ! courage, my sweet sister !  
Del Balzo will find out those wicked men.  
O ! I forgot to tell him what assistance  
Fra Rupert might afford him. Every crime  
Is known to him. But certainly Fra Rupert,  
Who loved Andrea so, will never cease  
Until he find the slayer of his friend.  
Ah my poor sister ! if you had but heard  
The praises of Del Balzo, you would soon  
Resume your courage and subdue your tears.

GIOVANNA.

Before Del Balzo, sister, I disdain  
To show them or to speak of them. Be mine  
Hid from all eyes ! God only knows their source,  
Their truth or falsehood. In the light of day  
Some lose their bitterness, run smoothly on,  
And catch compassion, leisurely, serenely :  
Never will mine run thus : my sorrows lie  
In my own breast ; my fame rests upon others,  
Who throw it from them now the blast has nipt it.  
'Tis ever so. Applauses win applauses,  
Crowds gather about crowds, the solitary  
Are shunned as lepers and in haste past by.

MARIA.

But we will not be solitary ; we  
Are not so easy to pass by in haste ;  
We are not very leper-looking.

GIOVANNA.

Cease,  
Maria ! nothing on this earth so wounds

The stricken bosom as such sportiveness,  
Or weighs worn spirits down like levity.  
Give me your hand . . . Reproof is not reproach.  
I might have done the same . . . how recently !

MARIA.

Hark ! what is all that outcry ?

GIOVANNA.

'Tis for him  
Whom we have lost.

MARIA.

But angry voices mixt  
With sorrowful ?

GIOVANNA.

To him both due alike.

---

#### SCENE VI.

SPINELLO *enters*.

SPINELLO.

Hungarian troops throng every street and lane,  
Driving before them the infirm, the aged,  
The children, of both sexes.

GIOVANNA.

Shelter them.

SPINELLO.

Such is the hope of those base enemies,  
That, unprovided for defence, the castle  
May fall into their hands : and very quickly,  
Unless we drive them back, our scanty stores  
Leave us exhausted.

GIOVANNA.

Dost thou fear, Spinello ?

SPINELLO.

I do : but if my sovran bids me bare  
This breast of armure and assail her foes,  
Soon shall she see what fears there lie within.

GIOVANNA.

Let me too have my fears, nor worse than thine,  
Loyal and brave Spinello ! Dare I ask  
Of God my daily bread nor give it those  
Whose daily prayers have earned it for us all ?  
I dare not. Throw wide open every gate  
And stand between the last of my poor people  
And those who drive them in.

SPINELLO.

We then are lost.

GIOVANNA.

Not from God's sight, nor theirs who look to God.

MARIA.

O sister ! may that smile of yours be parent  
Of many. It sinks back, and dies upon  
The lovely couch it rose from. (DEL BALZO enters). I will go :  
Del Balzo looks, I think, more stern than ever.

GIOVANNA.

Del Balzo, I perceive thou knowest all,  
And pitiest my condition. [DEL BALZO amazed.

SPINELLO.

Standest thou,  
Lookest thou, thus, before thy sovran, sir ?

GIOVANNA.

Be friends, be friends, and spare me one affront.  
Wiser it were, and worthier, to devise  
How tumults may be quell'd than how increast.  
On your discretion lies your country's weal.

[Goes



SPINELLO.

Ugo del Balzo ! thou art strong in war,  
Strong in alliances, in virtue strong,  
But darest thou, before the queen, before  
The lowest of the loyal, thus impute  
With brow of scorn and figure fixt aslant,  
Atrocious crimes to purity angelic ?

DEL BALZO.

Heard'st thou her words and askest thou this question ?  
Spinello ! nor in virtue nor in courage  
(Our best alliances) have I pretence  
To stand before thee. Chancellor thou art,  
And, by the nature of thy office, should'st  
Have undertaken my most awful duty :  
Why didst thou not ?

SPINELLO.

Because the queen herself  
Will'd otherwise ; because her chancellor,  
She thought, might vindicate some near unduly.

DEL BALZO.

She thought so ? what ! of thee ?

SPINELLO.

Thus it appears.  
But on this subject never word escaped  
Her lips to me : her own pure spirit frankly  
Suggested it : her delicacy shunn'd  
All explanation, lacking no excuse.  
Thou askest if I heard her at thy entrance :  
I heard her, like thyself. The words before  
Thou didst not hear ; I did. Her last appeal  
Was for the wretched driven within the castle,  
And doom'd to pine or force us to surrender.

For them she call'd upon thee, never else,  
To pity her condition.

DEL BALZO.

Pardon me !

I have much wrong'd her. Yet, among the questioned  
Were strange confessions. One alone spake scornfully  
Amid her tortures.

SPINELLO.

Is the torture, then,  
The tongue of Truth ?

DEL BALZO.

For once, I fear, 'tis not.

SPINELLO.

It was Giovanna's resolute design  
To issue her first edict thro' the land  
Abolishing this horrid artifice,  
Whereby the harden'd only can escape.  
"The cruel best bear cruelty," said she,  
"And those who often have committed it  
May once go thro' it."

DEL BALZO.

And would'st thou, Spinello !  
Thus lay aside the just restraints of law,  
Abolishing what wise and holy men  
Raised for the safeguard of society ?

SPINELLO.

The holy and the wise have done such things  
As the unwise and the unholy shrink at.

DEL BALZO.

It might be thought a hardship in a country  
Where laws want ingenuity ; where scales,  
Bandage, and sword, alone betoken Justice.

Ill-furbisht ineffective armury,  
With nothing but cross-shooting shafts of words !

SPINELLO.

Since every deed like torture must afflict  
A youthful breast, so mild, so sensitive,  
Trust it to me, and we will then devise  
How the event may best be laid before her.

DEL BALZO.

A clue was given by unwilling hands,  
Wherewith we entered the dark narrow chambers  
Of this strange mystery. Filippa first,  
Interrogated if she knew the murderer,  
Denied it : then, if she suspected any ;  
“ I do,” was her reply. Whom ? She was silent.  
Where should suspicion now (tell me, Spinello !)  
Wander or fix ? I askt her if the queen  
Was privy to the deed. Then swell’d her scorn.  
Again I askt her, and I show’d the rack.  
“ Throw me upon it : I will answer thence.”  
Said with calm voice Filippa. She was rackt.  
Screams from all round fill’d the whole vault. “ See, children !  
How those who fear their God and love their prince  
Can bear this childish cruelty,” said she.  
Altho’ no other voice escaped, the men  
Trembled, the women wail’d aloud. “ To-morrow,”  
Said I, “ Filippa ! thou must answer Justice.  
Release her.” Stil the smile was on her face :  
She was releast : Death had come down and saved her.

SPINELLO.

Faithfullest friend of the unhappy ! plead  
For us whose duty was to plead for thee !  
Thou art among the Blessed ! On, Del Balzo !

DEL BALZO.

Sancia, her daughter's child . . .

SPINELLO.

The playful Sancia?

Whose fifteenth birthday we both kept together . . .

Was it the sixth or seventh of last March? . . .

Terlizzi's bride two months ago?

DEL BALZO.

The same.

SPINELLO.

And the same fate?

DEL BALZO.

She never had seen Death :

She thought her cries could drive him off again,

Thought her soft lips might have relaxt the rigid,

And her warm tears . . . .

SPINELLO.

Del Balzo ! wert thou there ?

Or tearest thou such dreamery from some book,

If any book contain such ?

DEL BALZO.

I was there ;

And what I saw I ordered to be done.

Justice would have it ; Justice smote my heart,

Justice sustained it too.

SPINELLO.

Her husband would

Rather have died than hear one shriek from Sancia.

DEL BALZO.

So all men would : for never form so lovely

Lighted the air around it.

SPINELLO.

Let us go  
And bear her home.

DEL BALZO.

To me the way lies open ;  
But much I fear, Spinello, the Hungarians  
Possess all avenue to thy escape.

SPINELLO.

Escape is not the word for me, my friend.  
I had forgotten the Hungarians  
(It seems) the queen, myself, captivity . .  
I may not hence : relate then if more horrors  
Succeeded.

DEL BALZO.

When Terlizzi saw Filippa  
Lie stiff before him, and that gentle bride  
Chafing her limbs, and shrinking with loud yells  
Whenever her soft hand felt some swollen sinew,  
In hopes to finish here and save all else,  
He cried aloud, " Filippa was the murderess."  
At this she darted at him such a glance  
As the mad only dart, and fell down dead.  
"'Tis false ! 'tis false !" cried he. " Speak, Sancia, speak !  
Or hear me say 'tis false." 'They dragg'd away  
The wavering youth, and fixt him. There he lies,  
With what result of such inconstancy  
I know not, but am going to inquire . .  
If we detect the murderers, all these pains  
Are well inflicted.

SPINELLO.

But if not ?

DEL BALZO.

The Laws  
Have done their duty and struck fear thro' all

SPINELLO.

Alas ! that duty seems their only one.

DEL BALZO.

Among the first 'tis surely. I must go  
And gather up fresh evidence. Farewell,  
Spinello !

SPINELLO.

May good angels guide your steps !  
Farewell ! That Heaven should give the merciless  
So much of power, the merciful so little !

## ACT II.

## SCENE I. CASTEL-NUOVO.

## GIOVANNA AND MARIA.

MARIA.

I do not like these windows. Who can see  
What passes under? Never were contrived  
Cleverer ones for looking at the sky,  
Or hearing our Hungarians to advantage.  
I cannot think their songs are pastorals;  
They may be; if they are, they are ill-set.  
Will nothing do, Giovanna? Raise your eyes;  
Embrace your sister.

GIOVANNA.

So, you too, Maria!  
Have turgid eyes, and feign the face of joy.  
Never will joy be more with us . . with you  
It may be . . O God grant it! but me! me,  
Whom good men doubt, what pleasure can approach?

MARIA.

If good men all were young men, we might shudder  
At silly doubts, like other silly things  
Not quite so cold to shudder at.

GIOVANNA.

Again,  
Maria! I am now quite changed; I am  
Your sister as I was, but O remember  
I am (how lately!) my Andrea's widow.

MARIA.

I wish our little Sancia would come hither

With her Terlizzi . . those inseparables !  
We scarcely could get twenty words from them  
All the day long ; we caught them after dinner,  
And lost them suddenly as evening closed.

GIOVANNA.

Send for her. But perhaps she is with Filippa . .

MARIA.

Learning sedateness in the matron life.

GIOVANNA.

Or may-be with the queen whose name she bears,  
And who divides her love, not equally  
With us, but almost equally.

MARIA.

If so,  
No need to seek her ; for the queen went forth  
To San Lorenzo at the dawn of day,  
And there upon the pavement she implores  
Peace for the dead, protection for the living.

GIOVANNA.

O may her prayers be heard !

MARIA.

If piety  
Avails the living or the dead, they will.

GIOVANNA.

How, how much calmer than thy sweetest smile  
Has that thought made me ! Evermore speak so,  
And life will almost be as welcome to me  
As death itself.

MARIA.

When sunshine glistens round,  
And friends, as young as we are, sit beside us,



We smile at Death . . one rather grim indeed  
And whimsical, but not disposed to hurt us . .  
And give and take fresh courage. But, sweet sister!  
The days are many when he is unwelcome,  
And you will think so too another time.  
'Tis chiefly in cold places, with old folks,  
His features seem prodigiously amiss.  
But Life looks always pleasant, sometimes more  
And sometimes less so, but looks always pleasant,  
And, when we cherish him, repays us well.  
Sicily says it is the worst of sin  
To cast aside what God hath given us,  
And snatch at what he may hereafter give  
In its due season . . scourges, and such comforts,  
Cupboarded for Old-age. Youth has her games;  
We are invited, and should ill refuse.  
On all these subjects our sweet Sicily  
Discourses with the wisdom of a man.  
You are not listening: what avails our wisdom?

GIOVANNA.

To keep afloat that buoyant little bark  
Which swells endanger. O may never storm  
O'ertake it! never worm unseen eat thro'!

MARIA.

I wish we were away from these thick walls,  
And these high windows, and these church-like ceilings,  
Without a cherub to look down on us,  
Or play a prank up there, with psalter-book,  
Or bishop's head, or fiddle, or festoon.

GIOVANNA.

Be satisfied awhile: the nobler rooms  
Are less secure against the violence  
Of those Hungarians.

MARIA.

I saw one who bowed  
Graceful as an Italian. "Send away  
The men below," said I, "then bow again,  
And we will try which bows most gracefully."

GIOVANNA.

My giddy, giddy sister!

MARIA.

May my head  
Be ever so, if crowns must steady it!

GIOVANNA.

He might have thought . .

MARIA.

Not he; he never thinks.  
He bowed and shook his head. His name is Psein.  
Often hath he been here on guard before:  
You must remember him.

GIOVANNA.

No, not by name.

MARIA.

Effeminate and vain we fancied him,  
Because he always had a flower in hand,  
Or with his fingers combed his forehead hair.

GIOVANNA.

No little merit in that sullen race.

MARIA.

If he has merit I will bring it out.

GIOVANNA.

Resign that idle notion. Power is lost  
By showing it too freely. When I want  
His services, I order them. We part.

Too large a portion of the hour already  
Has been among the living. Now I go  
To other duties for the residue  
Of this sad day.

MARIA.

Unwelcome is Maria  
Where sorrow is?

GIOVANNA.

Her sorrow is unwelcome ;  
Let me subdue my own ; then come and join me.  
Thou knowest where the desolate find one  
Who never leaves them desolate.

[*Goes.*

MARIA.

'Tis hard  
To linger here alone.

OFFICER.

The Seneschal  
Of Naples, Acciajoli.

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## SCENE II.

ACCIAJOLI *and* MARIA.

ACCIAJOLI.

By command  
Of our most gracious queen, O royal lady !  
I come for yours.

MARIA.

That is, to bear me company.

ACCIAJOLI.

Such only as the humblest bear the highest.

MARIA.

Seneschal ! you excel the best in phrases.

You might let others be before you there,  
Content to shine in policy and war.

ACCIAJOLI.

I have been placed where others would have shone.

MARIA.

Come, do not beat me now in modesty.  
Had I done anything, I might not boast,  
Nor should I think I was improving it  
By telling an untruth and looking down.  
I do not like our lodgement, nor much wish  
To see an arrow quivering in that wainscote:  
The floors are well enough; I would not see them  
Paved with smooth pebbles from Hungarian slings.  
Cannot you send those soldiers to their quarters?

ACCIAJOLI.

In vain have I attempted it.

MARIA.

Send Psein  
To me.

ACCIAJOLI.

He, like the rest, is an insurgent.  
Civilest of barbarians, yet may Psein  
(With horror I must utter it) refuse.

MARIA.

Fear of refusal has lost many a prize. [ACCIAJOLI goes.  
I hope the Seneschal will go himself,  
Not send another. How I wisht to ask it!  
But, at my years, to hint an act of delicacy  
Is too indelicate. He has seen courts,  
Turn'd over their loose leaves (each more than half  
Illumination, dulness the remainder),  
And knows them from the cover to the core.

## SCENE III.

PSEIN, *conducted by ACCIAJOLI, who retires.*

The queen commands my presence here.

MARIA.

The queen

Desired your presence ; I alone command it.

Eyes have seen *you*, commander Psein !

PSEIN.

Impossible !

MARIA.

Yes, eyes have seen you, general Psein ! they have,  
And seen that they can trust you.

PSEIN.

By my troth

'To all that's lovely !

MARIA.

Ah, sad man ! swear not . .

Unless you swear my words.

PSEIN.

To hear and swear

And treasure them within this breast, is one.

MARIA (*Psein repeating*).

" I swear to love and honour and obey " . .

Ha ! not the hand . . it comes not quite so soon .

PSEIN.

I have but little practice in the form ;

Pardon me, gracious lady !

MARIA.

Earn your pardon

By your obedience. Now repeat again.

" Whatever perils may obstruct her path,

I give safe conduct to my royal mistress,

Giovanna, queen of Naples." (*He starts.*) Have you taken  
Me for my sister all this while? I told you  
It was not she commanded you, 'twas I.

PSEIN.

Oaths are sad things ! I trot to church so seldom  
They would not let me out of mine for little  
(Not they !) like any good old customer.

MARIA.

And so ! you would deceive me, general ?

PSEIN, *aside*.

I am appointed : that sounds well : but general !  
She said the same before : it must be true.

MARIA.

Tell me at once, nor hesitate. Another  
May reap the harvest while you whet the sickle.

PSEIN.

But I have sworn to let none pass, before  
The will of my superiors be announced.

MARIA.

Behold them here ! their shadow fills this palace,  
And in my voice, sir, is their will announced.

PSEIN.

I swore.

MARIA.

I heard you.

PSEIN.

But before.

MARIA.

Before  
Disloyalty, now loyalty. Are brave  
And gallant men to ponder in the choice ?

PSEIN.

Devoted as I am to you, O lady !  
It cannot be.

MARIA.

Is that the phrase of Psein ?  
We love the marvellous ; we love the man  
Who shows how things which cannot be can be.  
Give me this glove again upon the water,  
And queen Giovanna shall reward you for it.

PSEIN.

Upon the water or upon the fire,  
The whirlpool or volcano . . By bad luck  
(What fools men are ! they always make their own !)  
The troops are in revolt. Pride brightens zeal  
But not invention. How shall we contrive  
To manage them at present ?

MARIA.

Tell the troops  
We will have no revolts. Sure, with your powers  
Of person and persuasion, not a man  
Would hesitate to execute his duty.

PSEIN.

We are but three . .

MARIA.

We are but two : yet, Psein !  
When two are resolute they are enough.  
Now I am resolute, and so are you,  
And if those soldiers dare to disobey  
It is rank mutiny and halbert-matter.  
Await the Seneschal : he now returns.

[Goes.

PSEIN.

She knows the laws of war as well as I,  
And looks a young Minerva, tho' of Naples.

## SCENE IV.

ACCIAJOLI and PSEIN.

ACCIAJOLI.

Sorrow and consternation are around.

PSEIN.

Men could not have cried louder had they lost  
Policinello, who begets them fun,  
While princes but beget them blows and taxes.  
When will they see things straightly, and give these  
Their proper station ?

ACCIAJOLI.

Have you not *your* king ?

PSEIN.

O ! quite another matter ! We have ours,  
True ; but his taxes are for us ; and then  
The blows . . we give and take them, as may happen.

ACCIAJOLI.

We too may do the same, another day.

[PSEIN expresses contempt.

So ! you imagine that your arms suffice  
To keep this kingdom down ! War is a game  
Not of skill only, not of hazard only,  
No, nor of both united.

PSEIN.

What the ball  
Is stuff with, I know not, nor ever lookt ;  
I only know it is the very game  
I like to play at.

ACCIAJOLI.

Many are the chances.



PSEIN.

Without the chances I would throw it up.  
Play me at Naples only five to one,  
I take the odds.

ACCIAJOLI.

All are not Neapolitans.

PSEIN.

Then strike off three.

ACCIAJOLI.

Some Normans.

PSEIN.

Then my sword  
Must be well whetted and my horse well fed,  
And my poor memory well poked for prayers.  
And, hark ye! I should like one combatant  
As well as twenty, of that ugly breed.  
Lord Seneschal, be ready at your post.

ACCIAJOLI.

I trust I shall be.

PSEIN.

At what hour?

ACCIAJOLI.

Not yet.

PSEIN.

Ay, but the queen must fix it.

ACCIAJOLI.

She inclines  
To peace.

PSEIN.

I know it; but for flight ere peace.

ACCIAJOLI.

Flight is not in the movements of our queen.

L

PSEIN.

Departure then.

ACCIAJOLI.

Sir! should she will departure,  
Breasts are not wanting to repell the charge  
Of traitor or intruder.

PSEIN.

Here is one,  
Lord Seneschal! as ready to defend her  
As any mail'd with iron or claspt with gold.  
Doubtest thou? Doubt no longer. *[Shows the glove.]*

ACCIAJOLI.

Whose is that?

PSEIN.

The names we venerate we rarely speak;  
And love beats veneration out and out.  
I will restore it at the vessel's side,  
And ask it back again when she is safe  
And the less happy lady whom you serve.  
It then behoves me to retrace my steps  
And rally my few countrymen for safety.

---

SCENE V.

A HERALD enters. PSEIN goes.

ACCIAJOLI.

Whence come you, sir?

HERALD.

From Gaeta.

ACCIAJOLI.

What duty?

HERALD.

To see the queen.

ACCIAJOLI.

The queen you cannot see :  
Her consort died too lately.

HERALD.

Therefor I  
Must see the queen.

ACCIAJOLI.

If you bring ought that throws  
Light upon that dark treason, speak at once.

HERALD.

The light must fall from Rome. Colà Rienzi,  
Tribune of Rome, and arbiter of justice  
To Europe, tarrying on the extremest verge  
Of our dominions, to inspect the castles,  
Heard the report, brought with velocity  
Incredible, which man gave man along  
The land, and ship gave ship along the coast.

ACCIAJOLI.

Then 'twas prepared : and those who sprad the news  
Perpetrated the deed.

HERALD.

Such promptitude  
Could not escape the Tribune. He demands  
The presence of Giovanna queen of Naples,  
To plead her cause before him.

ACCIAJOLI.

Is Rienzi  
A king? above a king?

HERALD.

Knowest thou not  
Rienzi is the tribune of the people?

ACCIAJOLI.

Sir ! we have yet to learn by what authority  
He regulates the destiny of princes.

HERALD.

The wisest men have greatly more to learn  
Than ever they have learnt : there will be children  
Who in their childhood shall know more than we do.  
Lord Seneschal ! I am but citizen  
In my own city, nor among the first,  
But I am herald here, and, being herald,  
Let no man dare to question me. The king  
Of Hungary is cited to appear,  
Since in his name are accusations made  
By some at Naples, which your queen must answer.

ACCIAJOLI.

Her dignity and wisdom will decide.  
I am well pleas'd that those around the castle  
Threw no obstruction in your way.

HERALD.

The soldiers  
Resisted my approach ; but instantly  
Two holy friars sprad out their arms in front,  
And they parted like the Red-sea waves,  
And grounded arms before me.

ACCIAJOLI.

Then no hinderance  
To our most gracious queen, should she comply ?

HERALD.

None ; for Rienzi's name is spell against it.

GIOVANNA, *enters.*

O ! is there one to hear me patiently ?  
Let me fly to him !

ACCIAJOLI.

Hath our sovran heard  
The order of Rienzi?

GIOVANNA.

Call it not  
An order, lest my people be incenst.

HERALD.

Lady! if plainly hath been understood  
The subject of my mission, the few words  
Containing it may be unredd by me.  
Therefor I place them duly in the hands  
Of the lord seneschal. With brief delay  
Your presence were desirable.

GIOVANNA.

What time  
Return you, sir?

HERALD.

This evening.

GIOVANNA.

And by sea?

HERALD.

In the same bark which brought me.'

GIOVANNA.

If some ship  
More spacious be now lying at the mole,  
I will embark in that; if not, in yours,  
And we will sail together. You have power  
Which I have not in Naples; and the troops,  
And those who seem to guide them, hear your words.

HERALD.

Lady! not mine; but there are some they hear.

GIOVANNA.

Entreat them to let pass the wretched ones  
Who fancied I could succour them within,  
Whom famine must soon seize. Until they pass  
I cannot. Dear is Fame to me ; but far  
Be Fame that stalks to us o'er hurried graves.  
Lord Seneschal ! see Rome's ambassador  
Be duly honored : then, whatever else  
Is needful for departure, be prepared.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I. ROME. CAPITOL.

RIENZI *and the* POPE'S NUNCIO.

NUNCIO.

With infinite affliction, potent Tribune !  
The Holiness of our Lord the Sovran Pontif  
Learns that Andrea, prince of Hungary,  
Hath, in the palace of Aversa, been  
Traiterously slain. Moreover, potent Tribune !  
The Holiness of our Lord the Sovran Pontif  
Hears sundry accusations : and, until  
The guilt or innocence of those accused  
Be manifested, in such wise as He,  
The Holiness of our Lord the Sovran Pontif,  
Shall deem sufficient, he requires that troops  
March from his faithful city, and possess  
Otranto and Taranto, Brindisi  
And Benevento, Capua and Bari,  
Most loving cities, and most orthodox.  
And some few towns and villages beside,  
Yearning for peace in his paternal breast,  
He would especially protect from tumult.  
Laying his blessing on your head thro' me  
The humblest of his servitors, thus speaks  
The Holiness of our Lord the Sovran Pontif.

RIENZI (*seated*).

Lord Cardinal ! no truer stay than me  
Hath, on Italian or Provençal ground,

The Holiness of our Lord the Sovran Pontif.  
The cares that I have taken off his hands  
The wisdom of his Holiness alone  
Can measure and appreciate. As for troops,  
That wisdom, seeing them so far remote,  
Perhaps may judge somewhat less accurately.  
The service of his Holiness requires  
All these against his barons. Now, until  
I hear the pleas of Hungary and Naples,  
My balance is suspended. Those few cities,  
Those towns and villages, awhile must yearn  
For foren troops among them ; but meantime  
Having the blessing of his Holiness,  
May wait contentedly for an  
His Holiness shall opportunely grant.  
Kissing the foot of his Beatitude,  
Such, my lord Cardinal, is the reply  
From his most faithful Colà di Rienzi,  
Unworthy tribune of his loyal city.

NUNCIO.

We may discuss anew this weighty question  
On which his Holinesses heart is moved.

RIENZI.

If allocution be permitted me  
To his most worthy Nuncio, let me say  
The generous bosom would enfold about it  
The friend, the neighbour, the whole human race,  
And scarcely then rest satisfied. With all  
These precious coverings round it, poisonous tongues  
Can penetrate. We lowly men alone  
Are safe, and hardly we. Who would believe it?  
People have heretofore been mad enough  
To feign ambition (of all deadly sins



Surely the deadliest) in our lord the pope's  
Protecting predecessors ! Their paternal  
Solicitude these factious thus denounced.  
Ineffable the pleasure I foretaste  
In swearing to his Holiness what calm  
Reluctance you exhibited ; the same  
His Holiness himself might have express,  
In bending to the wishes of those cities  
So orthodox and loving ; and how fully  
You manifested, by your faint appeal,  
You sigh as deeply to decline, as they  
Sigh in their fears and fondness to attain. [NUNCIO *going*.  
Help my lord cardinal . . this weather brings  
Stiffness of joints, rheums, shooting pains . . Way there !

---

## SCENE II. CAPITOL.

RIENZI, ACCIAJOLI, PETRARCA, and BOCCACCIO.

BOCCACCIO.

If there was ever upon throne one mind  
More pure than other, one more merciful,  
One better stored with wisdom, of its own  
And carried from without, 'tis hers, the queen's.  
Exert, my dear Francesco, all that eloquence  
Which kings and senates often have obeyed  
And nations have applauded.

PETRARCA.

My Boccaccio !  
Thou knowest Rome, thou knowest Avignon :  
Altho' so brief a time the slave of power,  
Rienzi is no longer what he was,

Popes are what they have ever been. They all  
Have families for dukedoms to obey.

BOCCACCIO.

O! had each holy father twenty wives  
And each wife twenty children! then twere hard  
'To cut out dukedoms for so many mouths,  
And the well-fur'd tiara could not hatch  
So many golden goose-eggs under it.

PETRARCA.

We must unite our efforts.

BOCCACCIO.

Mine could add  
Little to yours: I am not eloquent.

PETRARCA.

Thou never hast received from any court  
Favour or place; I, presents and preferments.

BOCCACCIO.

I am but little known: for dear to me  
As fame is, odious is celebrity.

PETRARCA.

I see not why it should be.

BOCCACCIO.

If no eyes  
In the same head are quite alike, ours may  
Match pretty well, yet somewhat differ too.

PETRARCA.

Should days like yours waste far from men and friends?

BOCCACCIO.

Leave me one flame; then may my breast dilate  
To hold, at last, two (or almost two) friends:  
One would content me: but we must, forsooth,  
Speculate on more riches than we want.  
Moreover, O Francesco! I should shrink

From scurril advocate, cross questioning  
Whom knew I in the palace? whence my knowledge?  
How long? where first? whence introduced? for what?  
Since, in all law-courts I have ever entered,  
The least effrontery, the least dishonesty,  
Has lain among the prosecuted thieves.

PETRARCA.

We cannot now much longer hesitate;  
He hath his eye upon us.

BOCCACCIO.

Not on me;  
He knows me not.

PETRARCA.

On me it may be then,  
Altho some years, no few, have intervened  
Since we last met.

BOCCACCIO.

But frequent correspondence  
Retains the features, nay, brings back the voice;  
The very shoe creaks when the letter opens.

PETRARCA.

Rienzi was among those friends who sooner  
Forget than are forgotten.

BOCCACCIO.

They who rise  
Lose sight of things below, while they who fall  
Grasp at and call for anything to help.

PETRARCA.

I own I cease to place reliance on him.  
Virtue and Power take the same road at first,  
But they soon separate, and they meet no more.

USHER.

The Tribune, ser Francesco! claims your presence.

RIENZI.

Petrarca ! pride of Italy ! most welcome !

PETRARCA.

Tribune of Rome ! I bend before the fasces.

RIENZI.

No graver business in this capitol,  
Or in the forum underneath its walls,  
Or in the temples that once rose between,  
Engaged the thoughts of Rome. No captive queen  
Comes hither, none comes tributary, none  
Courting dominion or contesting crown.  
Thou knowest who submits her cause before  
The majesty that reigns within this court.

PETRARCA.

Her, and her father, and his father, knew I,  
Nor three more worthy of my love and honor  
(Tho born to royalty) adorn our earth.  
Del Balzo hath supplied the facts : all doubts  
On every side of them hath Acciajoli  
Cleared up.

RIENZI.

But some will spring where others fall,  
When intellect is strongly exercised.

PETRARCA.

The sources of our intellect lie deep  
Within the heart ; what rises to the brain  
Is spray and efflorescence ; they dry up.

RIENZI.

However, we must ponder. So then truly,  
Petrarca ! thou dost think her innocent ?

PETRARCA.

Thou knowest she is innocent, Rienzi !

Write then thy knowledge higher than my belief :  
The proofs lie there before thee.

RIENZI.

But these papers  
Are ranged against them.

PETRARCA.

Weigh the characters  
Of those who sign them.

RIENZI.

Here the names are wanting.

PETRARCA.

Remove the balance then, for none is needed.  
Against Del Balzo, upright, stern, severe,  
What evidence can struggle?

RIENZI.

From Del Balzo  
The queen herself demands investigation  
Into the crime, and bids him spare not one  
Partaker.

PETRARCA.

Worthy of her race ! Now ask  
If I believe her guiltless.

RIENZI.

May we prove it !

ACCIAJOLI.

She shall herself, if needful. Should more answers  
Be wanted from me, I am here before  
That high tribunal where the greatest power  
And wisdom are united ; where the judge  
Gives judgment in the presence of such men  
As Rome hath rarely seen in ancient days,  
Never in later. What they hear, the world  
Will hear thro future ages, and rejoice

That he was born in this, to raise an arm  
Protecting such courageous innocence.

RIENZI.

Lord Seneschal of Naples, Acciajoli !  
We have examined, as thou knowest, all  
The documents before us, and regret  
That death withholds from like examination  
(Whether as witnesses or criminals)  
Some inmates of your court, the most familiar  
With queen Giovanna.

ACCIAJOLI.

Did she then desire  
Their death ? as hidden enemies accuse her  
Of one more awful. I presume the names  
Of the young Sancia, count Terlizzi's bride,  
And hers who educated that pure mind  
By pointing out Giovanna, two years older,  
Filippa of Catana.

RIENZI.

They are gone  
Beyond our reach.

ACCIAJOLI.

Sent off, no doubt, by one  
Who loved them most, who most loved her ! sent off  
After their tortures, whether into Scotland  
Or Norway or Laponia, the same hand  
Who wrote those unsign'd papers, may set forth.

RIENZI.

I cannot know their characters.

ACCIAJOLI.

I know them  
Loyal and wise and virtuous.

RIENZI.

But Filippa  
Guided, 'tis said, the counsels of king Robert.

ACCIAJOLI.

And were those counsels evil? If they were,  
How happens it that both in life and death  
The good king Robert was his appellation?

RIENZI.

How many kings are thrust among the stars  
Who had become the whipping-post much better?

ACCIAJOLI.

Was Robert one?

RIENZI.

We must confess that Robert  
Struck down men's envy under admiration.

ACCIAJOLI.

If then Filippa guided him, what harm?

RIENZI.

She might have feared that youth would less obey  
Her prudent counsels than experience did.

ACCIAJOLI.

Well might she: hence for many a year her cares  
Have been devoted to our queen's instruction,  
Together with queen Sancia, not without:  
And neither of these ladies (I now speak  
As president) have meddled with our councils.

RIENZI.

When women of low origin are guides  
To potentates of either sex, 'tis ill.

ACCIAJOLI.

I might have thought so; but Filippa showed  
That female wisdom much resembles male;  
Gentler, not weaker; leading, not controlling.

Again ! O Tribune ! touching low estate.  
More vigorously than off the downier cradle  
From humble crib springs up the lofty mind.

RIENZI.

Strong arguments, and cogent facts, are these !

[*To an Usher.*]

Conduct the queen of Naples into court.

ACCIAJOLI.

That, by your leave, must be my office, sir !

---

SCENE III.

RIENZI, ACCIAJOLI, GIOVANNA, and PRIOR of the  
CELESTINES.

RIENZI.

Giovanna, queen of Naples ! we have left you  
A pause and space for sorrow to subside ;  
Since, innocent or guilty, them who lose  
So suddenly the partner of their hours,  
Grief seizes on, in that dark interval.  
Pause too and space were needful, to explore  
On every side such proofs as may acquit  
Of all connivance at the dreadful crime  
A queen so wise, and held so virtuous,  
So just, so merciful. It cannot be  
(We hope) that she who would have swept away  
Play-things of royal courts and monkish cells,  
The instruments of torture, that a queen  
Who in her childhood visited the sick,  
Nor made a luxury or pomp of doing it,  
Who placed her little hand, as we have heard,



In that where fever burnt, nor feared contagion.  
Should slay her husband.

ACCIAJOLI.

Faintness overpowers her,  
Not guilt. The racks you spoke of, O Rienzi !  
You have applied, and worse than those you spoke of.

RIENZI.

Gladly I see true friends about her.

ACCIAJOLI.

Say  
About her not ; say in her breast she finds  
The only friend she wants . . . her innocence.

RIENZI.

People of Rome ! your silence, your attention.  
Become you. With like gravity our fathers  
Beheld the mighty and adjudged their due.  
Sovran of Naples, Piedemont, and Provence.  
Among known potentates what other holds  
Such wide dominions as this lady here,  
Excepting that strong islander whose sword  
Has cut France thro', and lies o'er Normandy.  
Anjou, Maine, Poietou, Brittany, Touraine,  
And farthest Gascony ; whose hilt keeps down  
The Grampians, and whose point the Pyrenees.  
Listen ! she throws aside her veil, that all  
May hear her voice, and mark her fearless mien.

GIOVANNA.

I say not, O Rienzi ! I was born  
A queen ; nor say I none but God alone  
Hath right to judge me. Every man whom God  
Endows with judgement arbitrates my cause.  
For of that crime am I accused which none  
Shall hide from God or man. All are involved

In guilt who aid, or screen, or spare, the guilty.  
Speak, voice of Rome ! absolve me or condemn,  
As proof, or, proof being absent, probability,  
Points on the scroll of this dark tragedy.  
Speak, and spare not : fear nought but mighty minds,  
Nor those but moving in God's shadow, truth.

RIENZI.

Well hast thou done, O queen ! and wisely chosen  
Judge and defenders. Thro these states shall nor  
Invade thy realm. I find no crime in thee.  
Hasten to Naples ! for against its throne  
Ring powerful arms and menace thy return.

[ACCIAJOLI leads the Queen out.]

PRIOR OF THE CELESTINES.

Thou findest in that wily queen no crime.  
So be it ! and 'tis well. But, tribune, know,  
Ill chosen are the praises thou bestowest  
On her immunity from harm, in touching  
The fevered and infected. She was led  
Into such places by unholy hands.  
I come not an accuser : I would say  
Merely, that Queen Giovanna was anointed  
By the most potent sorceress, Filippa  
The Catanese.

RIENZI.

Anointed Queen ?

PRIOR.

Her palms  
Anointed, so that evil could not touch them.  
Filippa, with some blacker spirits, helpt  
To cure the sick, or comfort them unduly.

RIENZI.

Among the multitude of sorceresses

I find but very few such sorceries,  
And, if the Church permitted, would forgive them.

PRIOR.

In mercy we, in mercy, should demur.

RIENZI.

How weak is human wisdom ! what a stay  
Is such stout wicker-work about the fold !

PRIOR.

Whether in realms of ignorance, in realms  
By our pure light and our sure faith unblest,  
Or where the full effulgence bursts from Rome,  
No soul, not one upon this varied earth,  
Is unbeliever in the power of sorcery :  
How certain then its truth, the universal "  
Tongue of mankind, from east to west, proclaims.

RIENZI.

With reverential and submissive awe,  
People of Rome ! leave we to holy Church  
What comes not now before us, nor shall come,  
While matters which our judgements can decide  
Are questioned, while crown'd heads are bowed before us.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. RIENZI'S OWN APARTMENT IN THE  
CAPITOL.RIENZI, FRIAR ANSELMO, *and poor* NEAPOLITANS.

RIENZI.

Who creeps there yonder with his fingers folded ?  
Hither ; what wantest thou ? who art thou, man ?

ANSELMO.

The humblest of the humble, your Anselmo.

RIENZI.

Mine ?

ANSELMO.

In all duty.

RIENZI.

Whence art thou ?

ANSELMO.

From Naples.

RIENZI.

What askest thou ?

ANSELMO.

In the most holy names  
Of Saint Euphemia and Saint Cunigund !  
And in behalf of these poor creatures ask I  
Justice and mercy.

RIENZI.

On what count ?

ANSELMO.

On life.

RIENZI.

Who threatens it in Rome ?

ANSELMO.

In Rome none dare,  
Under the guardianship of your tribunal.  
But Naples is abandoned to her fate  
By those who ruled her. Those, alas ! who ruled her  
Heaven has abandoned. Crimes, outrageous crimes,  
Have swept them from their people. We alone  
In poverty are left for the protection  
Of the more starving populace. O hear,  
Merciful Tribune ! hear their cries for bread !

[*All cry out.*ANSELMO, *to them.*

Ye should not have cried now, ye fools ! and choak ye !

RIENZI.

That worthy yonder, looks well satisfied.  
All of him, but his shoulder, seems at ease.

ANSELMO.

Tommaso ! art thou satisfied ?

TOMMASO.

Not I.

A fish upon my bread, at least on Friday,  
Had done my body and my soul some good,  
And quickened one and t'other at thanksgiving.  
Anchovies are rare cooks for garlic, master !

[*To RIENZI.*

ANSELMO.

I sigh for such delusion.

RIENZI.

So do I.

How came they hither ?

ANSELMO.

By a miracle.

RIENZI.

My honest friends ! what can we do for you  
At Rome ?

ANSELMO.

Speak. Does the devil gripe your tongues?

MOB.

We crave our daily bread from holy hands,  
And from none other.

RIENZI.

Then your daily bread  
Ye will eat hot, and delicately small.  
Frate Anselmo, what means this?

ANSELMO.

It means,  
O tribune! that the lady, late our queen,  
Hath set aside broad lands and blooming gardens  
For hospitals; which, with unrighteous zeal,  
She builds with every church. There *Saint Antonio*  
Beyond the gate of Capua! there *Saint Martin*  
On *Mount Sant-Eremo*! there *Saint Maria*  
*Incoronata*! All their hospitals!  
No one hath monastery! no one nuns!

RIENZI.

Hard, hard upon you! But what means were yours  
To bring so many supplicants so long  
A journey with you?

ANSELMO.

'Twas a miracle.

RIENZI.

Miracles never are of great duration.  
Hurry then back! Hurry ye while it lasts!  
I would not spoil it with occult supplies,  
I reverence holy men too much for that,  
And leave them to the only power above them.  
Possibly quails and manna may not cross you  
If you procrastinate. But, setting out

To-morrow, by whichever gate seems luckiest,  
And questioning your honest mules discreetly,  
I boldly answer for it, ye shall find  
By their mild winking (should they hold their tongues)  
The coin of our lord Clement on the back  
Of one or other, in some well-thonged scrip.

ANSELMO, *aside*.

Atheist !

TOMMASO.

Ah no, father ! Atheists  
Never lift up their eyes as you and he do. [*Going together*.  
I know one in a twinkling. For example,  
Cosimo Cappa was one. He denied  
A miracle his mother might have seen  
Not twelve miles from his very door, when she  
Was heavy with him ; and the saint who workt it,  
To make him one, cost thirteen thousand ducats.  
There was an atheist for you ! that same Cappa . .  
I saw him burnt . . a fine fresh lusty man.  
I warrant I remember it : I won  
A heap of chesnuds on that day at morra.  
A sad poor place this Rome ! look where you will,  
No drying paste here dangles from the windows  
Across the sunny street, to make it cheerful ;  
And much I doubt if, after all its fame,  
The nasty yellow river breeds anchovies.

---

SCENE II. RIENZI'S OWN APARTMENT IN THE  
CAPITOL.

RIENZI *and his wife*.

RIENZI.

I have been sore perplext, and stil am so.

WIFE.

Yet falsehood drops from truth, as quicksilver  
From gold, and ministers to purify it.

RIENZI.

The favour of the people is uncertain.

WIFE.

Gravely thou givest this intelligence.  
Thus there are people in a northern ile  
Who tell each other that the weather changes;  
And, when the sun shines, say the day looks bright;  
And, when it shines not, there are clouds above.

RIENZI.

Some little fief, some dukedom, we'll suppose,  
Might shelter us against a sudden storm.

WIFE.

Not so: we should be crusht between two rocks,  
The people and the barons. Both would hate thee,  
Both call thee traitor, and both call thee truly.

RIENZI.

When we stand high, the shaft comes slowly up;  
We see the feather, not the point; and that  
Loses what venom it might have below.

WIFE.

I thought the queen of Naples occupied  
Thy mind entirely.

RIENZI.

From the queen of Naples  
My hopes originate. The pope is willing  
To grant me an investiture when I  
Have given up to him, by my decree,  
Some of her cities.

WIFE.

Then it is untrue  
Thou hast acquitted her of crime.



RIENZI.

I did ;

But may condemn her yet : the king of Hungary  
Is yet unheard : there are strong doubts : who knows  
But stronger may arise ! My mind misgives.  
Tell me thou thinkest her in fault. One word  
Would satisfy me.

WIFE.

Not in fault, thou meanest.

RIENZI.

In fault, in fault, I say.

WIFE.

No, not in fault,  
Much less so foully criminal.

RIENZI.

O could I  
Absolve her !

WIFE.

If her guilt be manifest,  
Absolve her not ; deliver her to death.

RIENZI.

From what the pope and king of Hungary  
Adduce . . at present not quite openly . .  
I must condemn her.

WIFE.

Dost thou deem her guilty ?

RIENZI.

O God ! I wish she were ! I must condemn her !

WIFE.

Husband ! art thou gone mad ?

RIENZI.

None are much else

Who mount so high, none can stand firm, none look

Without a fear of falling : and, to fall ! . .  
No, no, 'tis not, 'tis not the worst disgrace.

WIFE.

What hast thou done ? Have thine eyes seen corruption ?

RIENZI.

Thinkest thou gold could move Rienzi ? gold  
(Working incessantly demoniac miracles)  
Could chain down Justice, or turn blood to water ?

WIFE.

Who scorns the ingot may not scorn the mine.  
Gold may not move thee, yet what brings gold may.  
Ambition is but Avarice in mail,  
Blinder, and often weaker. Is there strength,  
Cola ! or speed, in the oblique and wry ?  
Of blood turn'd into water talkest thou ?  
Take heed thou turn not water into blood  
And show the pure impure. If thou do this,  
Eternal is the stain upon thy hand ;  
Freedom thro' thee will be the proud man's scoff,  
The wise man's problem ; even the slave himself  
Will rather bear the scourge than trust the snare.  
Thou hast brought large materials, large and solid,  
To build thy glory on : if equity  
Be not the base, lay not one stone above.  
Thou hast won influence over potent minds,  
Relax it not. Truth is a tower of strength,  
No Babel one . . it may be rais'd to heaven  
And will not anger God.

RIENZI.

Who doubts my justice ?

WIFE.

Thyself. Who prosecutes the criminal ?

Thyself. Who racks the criminal ? Thyself.

Unhappy man ! how maim'd art thou ! what limb  
Proportionate ! what feature undisfigured !  
Go, bathe in porphyry . . thy leprosy  
Will never quit thee : thou hast eaten fruit  
That brings all sins, and leaves but death behind.

RIENZI.

But hear me.

WIFE.

I have heard thee, and such words  
As one who loves thee never should have heard.

RIENZI.

I must provide against baronial power  
By every aid, external and internal,  
For, since my elevation, many friends  
Have fallen from me.

WIFE.

Throw not off the rest.  
What ! is it then enough to stand before  
The little crags and sweep the lizards down  
From their warm basking-place with idle wand,  
While under them the drowsy panther lies  
Twitching his paw in his dark lair, and waits  
Secure of springing when thy back is turned ?  
Popular power can stand but with the people :  
Let them trust none a palm above themselves,  
For sympathy in high degrees is frozen.

RIENZI.

Such are my sentiments.

WIFE.

Thy sentiments !  
They were thy passion. Are they sentiments ?  
Go ! there's the distaff in the other room.

RIENZI.

Thou blamed'st not what seemed ambition in me.

WIFE.

Because it gave thee power to bless thy country.  
Stood tribunitial ever without right?  
Sat ever papal without perfidy?  
O tribune! tribune! whom weak woman teaches!  
If thou deceivest men, go, next enslave them;  
Else is no safety. Would'st thou that?

RIENZI.

To make  
Any new road, some plants there must be crusht,  
And not the higher only, here and there.  
Whoever purposes great good, must do  
Some partial evil.

WIFE.

Thou hast done great good  
Without that evil yet. Power in its prime  
Is beautiful, but sickened by excess  
Collapses into loathsomeness; and scorn  
Shrivels to dust its fierce decrepitude.

RIENZI.

Am I deficient then in manly deeds,  
Or in persuasion?

WIFE.

Of all manly deeds  
Oftentimes the most honest are the bravest,  
And no persuasion so persuades as truth.

RIENZI.

Peace! peace! confound me not.

WIFE.

The brave, the wise,  
The just, are never, even by foes, confounded.

Promise me but one thing. If in thy soul  
Thou thinkest this young woman free from blame,  
Thou wilt absolve her, openly, with honour,  
Whatever Hungary, whatever Avignon,  
May whisper or may threaten.

RIENZI.

If my power  
Will bear it ; if the sentence will not shake  
This scarlet off my shoulder.

WIFE.

Cola ! Cola !

---

SCENE III. TRIBUNAL IN THE CAPITOL.

RIENZI, CITIZENS, &c.

CITIZEN.

'There is a banner at the gates.

RIENZI.

A banner !

Who dares hoist banner at the gates of Rome ?

CITIZEN.

A royal crown surmounts it.

RIENZI.

Down with it !

CITIZEN.

A king, 'tis said, bears it himself in hand.

RIENZI.

Trample it in the dust, and drag him hither.  
What are those shouts ? Look forth.

USHER, *having lookt out.*

The people cry

Around four knights who bear a sable flag :  
One's helm is fashioned like a kingly crown.

RIENZI.

Strike off his head who let the accursed symbol  
Of royalty come within Roman gate :  
See this be done : then bind the bold offenders.

[LEWIS of HUNGARY *enters*.]

Who art thou ?

LEWIS.

King of Hungary.

RIENZI.

What brings thee ?

LEWIS.

Tribune ! thou knowest well what brings me hither.  
Fraternal love, insulted honour, bring me.  
Thinkest thou I complain of empty forms  
Violated to chafe me ? thinkest thou  
Tis that I waited in the port of Triest  
For invitation to my brother's wedding,  
Nor invitation came, nor embassy ?  
Now creaks the motive. Silly maskerade  
Usurpt the place of tilt and tournament ;  
No knight attended from without, save one,  
Our cousin of Taranto : why he came,  
Before all earth the dire event discloses.

RIENZI.

Lewis of Hungary ! it suits not us  
To regulate the laws of chivalry  
Or forms of embassies. We know there may be  
Less folly in the lightest festival  
Than in the sternest and severest war.  
Patiently have we heard, as patiently

Hear thou, in turn, the accused as the accuser ;  
Else neither aid nor counsel hope from me.

LEWIS.

I ask no aid of thee, I want no counsel,  
I claim but justice : justice I will have,  
I will have vengeance for my brother's death.

RIENZI.

My brother too was murdered. Was my grief  
Less deep than thine ? If greater my endurance,  
See what my patience brought me ! all these friends  
Around, and thee, a prince, a king, before me.  
Hear reason, as becomes a christian knight.

LEWIS.

Ye always say to those who suffer wrong,  
*Hear reason !* Is not that another wrong ?  
He who throws fuel on a fiery furnace  
Cries, *Wait my signal for it ! blaze not yet !*  
Issue one edict more ; proclame, O tribune,  
Heat never shall be fire, nor fire be flame.

RIENZI.

King Lewis ! I do issue such an edict  
(Absurd as thou mayest deem it) in this place.  
Hell hath its thunders, loud and fierce as Heaven's,  
Heaven is more great and glorious in its calm :  
In this clear region is the abode of Justice.

LEWIS.

Was it well, tribune, to have heard the cause,  
Nay and to have decided it, before  
Both sides were here ? The murderess hath departed,  
And may have won her city from the grasp  
Of my brave people, who avenge their prince,  
The mild Andrea. Justice I will have,  
I will have vengeance.

RIENZI.

Every man may ask  
If what I do is well: and angry tones,  
Tho' unbecoming, are not unforgiven  
Where virtuous grief bursts forth. But, king of Hungary,  
We now will change awhile interrogations.  
I ask thee was it well to bring with thee  
Into our states a banner that blows up  
The people into fury? and a people  
Not subject to thy scepter or thy will?  
We knew not of thy coming. When thy friends  
In Naples urged us to decide the cause,  
'Twas in thy name, as guardian to thy brother,  
Bringing against the queen such accusations,  
And so supported, that we ordered her  
To come before us and defend herself.  
She did it, nor delayed. The cardinal  
Bishop of Orvieto and the Cardinal  
Del Sangro on their part, on hers Del Balzo  
And Acciajoli, have examined all  
The papers, heard the witnesses, and signed  
Their sentence under each. These we suggest  
To the approval of thy chancery.

LEWIS.

Chanceries were not made for murderesses.

RIENZI.

I am not learned like the race of kings,  
Yet doth my memory hold the scanty lore  
It caught betimes, and there I find it written,  
Not in Hungarian nor in Roman speech,  
*Vengeance is mine.* We execute the laws  
Against the disobedient, not against  
Those who submit to our award. The queen



Of Naples hath submitted. She is free,  
Unless new proof and stronger be adduced  
To warrant her recall into my presence.

LEWIS.

Recall'd she shall be then, and proof adduced.

RIENZI.

We have detected falsehood in its stead.

LEWIS.

I will have justice, come it whence it may.

RIENZI.

Cecco Mancino ! read the law against  
Those who accuse maliciously or lightly.

MANCINO *reads*.

“ Who shall accuse another, nor make good  
His accusation, shall incur such fine,  
Or such infliction of the scourge, as that  
False accusation righteously deserves.”

RIENZI.

Fine cannot satisfy the wrongs that royalty  
Receives from royalty.

LEWIS.

Wouldst thou inflict  
The scourge on kings ?

RIENZI.

The lictor would, not I.

LEWIS.

What insult may we not expect ere long !  
And yet we fare not worst from demagogues.  
Those who have risen from the people's fist  
Perch first upon their shoulders, then upon  
Their heads, and then devour their addled brain.

RIENZI.

We have seen such of old.

LEWIS.

Hast thou seen one  
True to his feeder where power whistled shriller,  
Shaking the tassels and the fur before him ?

RIENZI.

History now grows rather dim with me,  
And memory less vivacious than it was :  
No time for hawks, no tendency to hounds !

LEWIS.

Cold sneers are your calm judgments ! Here at Rome  
To raise false hopes under false promises  
Is wisdom ! and on such do we rely !

RIENZI.

Wisdom with us is not hereditary,  
Nor brought us from the woods in ermine-skins,  
Nor pinned upon our tuckers ere we chew,  
Nor offered with the whistle on bent knee,  
But, King of Hungary ! we can and do  
In some reward it and in all revere ;  
We have no right to scoff at it, thou hast.  
Cecco Mancino !

MANCINO.

Tribune most august !

RIENZI, *turning his back, and pointing to the eagles over his tribunal.*

Furl me that flag. Now place it underneath  
The eagles there. When the king goes, restore it.

*[Walks down from the tribunal.]*

## ACT V.

## SCENE I. PALACE ON THE SHORE NEAR NAPLES.

GIOVANNA, ACCIAJOLI, DEL BALZO, LUIGI OF TARANTO,  
KNIGHTS.

ACCIAJOLI.

My queen ! behold in us your native land  
And lawful realm again !

GIOVANNA.

But other sounds  
Than greeted me in earlier days I hear,  
And other sights I see ; no friends among them  
Who guided me in childhood, warn'd in youth,  
And were scathed off me when that thunderbolt  
Fell down between us. Are they lost so soon !  
Sosuddenly ! Why could they not have come ? (*To DEL BALZO.*  
Where is Filippa ? where Terlizzi ? where  
Maternal Sancia ?

DEL BALZO.

Such her piety,  
Nor stranger nor insurgent hath presumed  
To throw impediment before her steps.  
For friends alike and enemies her prayers  
Are daily heard among the helpless crowd,  
But loudest for Giovanna ; at which name.  
Alone she bends upon the marble floor  
That saintly brow, and stirs the dust with sighs.

GIOVANNA, *to* ACCIAJOLI.

Arms only keep her from me. Whose are yonder ?

ACCIAJOLI.

I recognise Calabrian ; Tarantine.

GIOVANNA.

Ah me ! suspicion then must never cease !  
Never, without Luigi, Tarantine  
Arms glitter in the field. Even without him  
(Which cannot be) his troops in my defence  
Would move again those odious thoughts, among  
My easy people, guileless and misled.

DEL BALZO.

His duty and his fealty enforce  
What loyalty and honour would persuade.  
'Taranto is a fief : 'Taranto's prince  
Must lead his army where his suzerain  
Commands, or where, without commanding, needs.

ACCIAJOLI.

He cannot see your city in your absence  
A prey to lawless fury, worse than war.

DEL BALZO.

Ay, and war too : for those who came as pilgrims  
And penitents, to kiss the holy frock  
Of father Rupert, spring up into soldiers ;  
And thus are hundreds added to the guards  
Which that most powerful friar placed around  
Him whom we mourn for. Three strong companies  
(Once only eight score each) are form'd within  
The conquered city. Canopies of state  
Covered with sable cloth parade the streets,  
And crucifixes shed abundant blood  
Daily from freshened wounds ; and virgins' eyes  
Pour torrents over faces drawn with grief.  
What saint stands unforgotten ? what uncall'd ?  
Unincens'd ? Many have come forth and walkt

Among the friars, many shouted loud  
For vengeance. Even Luigi's camp stood wavering.  
Only when first appeared your ship afar,  
And over the white sail the sable flag,  
Flapping the arms of Anjou, Naples, Hungary,  
'Twas only then the rising mutiny  
Paus'd, and subsided ; only then Luigi,  
Pointing at that trine pennant, turn'd their rage  
Into its course.

ACCIAJOLI.

Perhaps the boat I see  
Crossing the harbour, may bring some intelligence :  
Perhaps he may, himself . .

GIOVANNA.

No ! not before . . .

No ! not at present . . . Must I be ungrateful ?

Never ! . . ah, must I seem so ?

---

## SCENE II.

AN OLD KNIGHT.

From the prince  
Commanding us, O lady ! I am here  
To lay his homage at his liege's feet.  
He bids me say, how, at the first approach  
Of that auspicious vessel, which brought hither  
Before her city's port its lawful queen,  
His troops demanded battle. In one hour  
He places in your royal hands the keys  
Of your own capital, or falls before it.

GIOVANNA.

God grant he fall not ! O return ! return !

Tell him there are enow . . without, within . .  
And, were there not enow . . persuade, implore . .  
Show how Taranto wants him ; his own country,  
His happy people . . they must pine without him !  
O miserable me ! O most ungrateful !  
Tell him I cannot see him . . I am ill . .  
The sea disturbs me . . my head turns, aches, splits . .  
I cannot see him . . say it, sir ! repeat it.

KNIGHT.

May-be, to-morrow . . .

GIOVANNA.

Worse, to-morrow ! worse !  
Sail back again . . say everything . . thanks, blessings.

KNIGHT.

Too late ! Those thundering shouts are our assault . .  
It was unfair without me ; it was hard . .  
Those are less loud.

GIOVANNA.

Luigi is repulst !  
Perhaps is slain ! slain if repulst . . he said it.  
Yes ; those faint shouts . . .

KNIGHT.

Lady, they are less loud  
Because the walls are between him and us.

GIOVANNA, *falls on her knees.*

O ! every saint in heaven be glorified !  
Which, which hath saved him ? [*Rises.*] Yet, O sir ! if walls  
Are between him and us, then he is where  
His foes are ! That is not what you intend ?  
What is it ? Cries again !

KNIGHT.

Not one were heard

Had our prince dropt. The fiercest enemy  
Had shrunk appall'd from such majestic beauty  
Falling from heaven upon the earth beneath ;  
And his own people with closed teeth had fought,  
Not for their lives, but for his death : no such  
Loud acclamation, lady ! had been heard,  
But louder woe and wailing from the vanquisht.

GIOVANNA, *aside*.

Praises to thee, O Virgin ! who conceal'dst  
So kindly all my fondness, half my fears !

ACCIAJOLI.

The dust is rising nearer. Who rides hither  
In that black scarf ? with something in his hand  
Where the sword should be. 'Tis a sword, I see,  
In form at least. The dust hangs dense thereon,  
Adhesive, dark.

DEL BALZO.

Seneschal ! it was brighter  
This morning, I would swear for it.

ACCIAJOLI.

He throws  
The bridle on the mane. He comes.

DEL BALZO.

He enters . .  
We shall hear all.

---

### SCENE III.

LUIGI OF TARANTO, *throwing up his vizor*.

Pardon this last disguise !  
There was no time to take my vizor off,  
Scarcely to throw my sword down in the hall.

My royal cousin ! let a worthier hand  
Conduct you to the city you have won,  
The city of your fathers.

GIOVANNA.

O Luigi !

None worthier, none more loyal, none more brave.  
Cousin ! by that dear name I do adjure you !  
Let others . . these my friends and ministers . .  
Conduct me to the city you have won,  
The city of your fathers, as of mine.  
Let none who carried arms against the worst  
Of my own people (for the very worst  
Have only been misguided) come into it  
With me, or after. Well thou governest  
Thy vassals, O Luigi ! Be thy dukedom  
Increast in all the wealth my gratitude  
Can add thereto, in chases, castles, towns ;  
But hasten, hasten thither ! There are duties  
(Alas ! thou knowest like ourselves what duties)  
I must perform. Should ever happier days  
Shine on this land, my people will remember,  
With me, they shine upon it from Taranto.

THE END.

LONDON .

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F R A   R U P E R T .



# F R A   R U P E R T

THE LAST PART OF A TRILOGY.

THE FIRST BEING

A N D R E A   O F   H U N G A R Y,

THE SECOND BEING

G I O V A N N A   O F   N A P L E S.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

L O N D O N :  
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**ERRATUM.**

Page 48, line 2, for "*lived*" read "*died* in odor."



## MALE CHARACTERS.

---

URBAN, *Pope.*  
BUTELLO, *his nephew.*  
CHARLES OF DURAZZO.  
OTHO, *husband of Giovanna.*  
FRA RUPERT.  
MAXIMIN.  
STEPHEN, *a shepherd.*  
HERALD.  
PAGE.  
MONK.  
CHANCELLOR.  
HIGH STEWARD.  
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.  
COUNSELLORS, SECRETARIES, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS.

---

## FEMALE CHARACTERS.

---

GIOVANNA, *Queen.*  
MARGARITA, *her niece, wife of Charles.*  
AGNES OF DURAZZO.  
AGATHA, *sister of Maximin.*





# F R A    R U P E R T.

---

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. VATICAN.

URBAN.    DURAZZO.

URBAN.

Charles of Durazzo ! I have found thee worthy  
To wear not only ducal coronet,  
But in that potent, in that faithful hand,  
To wield the royal sceptre.

DURAZZO.

Holy father !

I am half-ready to accept the charge,  
When it befalls me, studying your content.

URBAN.

So be it. The crown of Naples is now vacant.

DURAZZO.

Good heavens ! is then my mother (let me call her  
Ever my mother, by whose bounteousness  
My fortunes grew, my youth was educated)  
Giovanna ! is she dead ?

URBAN.

To virtuous deeds,  
Like those, she long hath been so.

DURAZZO.

His Beatitude,  
The predecessor of your Holiness,  
Who through her hands received his resting-place  
At Avignon, when Italy rebell'd,  
Absolved her from that heavy accusation  
Her enemy the Hungarian brought against her.

URBAN.

I would not make Infallibility  
Fallible, nor cross-question the absolved,  
I merely would remove that stumbling-block  
The kingdom from her.

DURAZZO.

Let another then  
Aid such attempt.

URBAN.

Another shall.

DURAZZO.

Another  
Nearer in blood is none.

URBAN.

Ere long, Durazzo,  
I may look round and find one, if not nearer  
In blood, yet fitter to perform the duties  
Imposed on him by me.

DURAZZO.

None, holy father !  
Is fitter.

URBAN.

Easy then are the conditions.

I would not place Butello, my own nephew,  
Altho' deserving, and altho' besought  
By many of the Neapolitans,  
By many of the noble and the powerful  
In every city of that realm, not him,  
Durazzo ! would I place, against thy interests,  
So high. But haply from thy gratitude  
Accept I might in his behalf a dukedom  
Or petty principality, dependent  
Upon our See, or (may-be) independent ;  
For there are some who fain would have things so.  
We must content the nations of the earth,  
Whom we watch over, and who look to us  
For peace and quiet in the world we rule.  
Why art thou beating time so with thy foot  
At every word I speak ? why look so stern  
And jerk thy head and rest thy hand on hip ?  
Thou art determin'd on it, art not thou ?

DURAZZO.

I cannot, will not, move her from her seat,  
So help me, God !

URBAN.

Impious young man ! reflect !  
I give thee time ; I give thee all tomorrow.

---

SCENE II. A STREET IN NAPLES.

MAXIMIN. AGATHA.

AGATHA, *to herself*.

'Twas he ! 'twas father Rupert.

MAXIMIN, *overhearing*.

Well ! what then ?

What wouldst thou with him ? thou must wait his leisure :  
I have some business first with father Rupert.

AGATHA, *gazing anxiously.*

Can it be ? can it be ?

MAXIMIN.

Have not men sins  
As well as women ? have not we our shivers,  
Our scourers, soderers, calkers, and equippers ?

AGATHA, *embracing him.*

Forbear ! O, for the love of God, forbear !  
Heed him not, Maximin ! or he will cast  
Thy soul into perdition ; he has mine.

MAXIMIN.

And who art thou, good woman ?

AGATHA.

That fair name

Is mostly given with small courtesy,  
As something tost at us indifferently  
Or scornfully by higher ones. Thy sister  
Was what thou callest her ; and Rupert knows it.

MAXIMIN.

My sister ? how ! I had but Agatha.  
Agatha !

AGATHA.

Maximin ! we have not met  
Since that foul day whose damps fell not on thee,  
But fill'd our father's house while thou wert absent.  
Thou, brother ! brother ! couldst not save my peace,  
Let me save thine. He used to call me daughter,  
And he may call thee son.

MAXIMIN.

The very word !

He began fathering early : seven years old

At most was father Rupert. Holy names  
Are covered ways . .

AGATHA.

. . To most unholy deeds.

MAXIMIN.

I see it; say no more: my sword is reddening  
With blood that runs not yet, but soon shall run.

AGATHA.

Talk not thus loud, nor thus, nor here.

MAXIMIN.

Cross then

Over the way to that old sycamore;  
The lads have left off playing at pallone.  
I found out long ago his frauds, his treasons,  
His murders; and he meditates a worse.  
Agatha! let me look into thine eyes,  
Try to be glad to see me: lift them up,  
Nay, do not drop them, they are gems to me,  
And make me very rich with only looking.  
Thou must have been most fair, my Agatha!  
And yet I am thy brother! Who would think it?

AGATHA.

Nor time nor toil deforms man's countenance,  
Crime only does it: 'tis not thus with ours.  
Kissing the seven nails burnt in below  
Thy little breast, before they well had healed,  
I thought thee stil more beautiful with them.

MAXIMIN.

Those precious signs might have done better for me.

AGATHA.

Only the honest are the prosperous.

MAXIMIN.

A little too on that side hath slipt off.

AGATHA.

Recover it.

MAXIMIN.

How can I ?

AGATHA.

Save the innocent.

MAXIMIN.

But whom ?

AGATHA.

Giovanna.

MAXIMIN.

Is the queen in danger ?

AGATHA.

Knowest thou not ?

MAXIMIN.

Hide we away our knowledge ;

It may do harm by daylight. I stand sentry

In many places at one time, and wink,

But am not drowsy. Trust me, she is safe.

And thou art then our Agatha ! 'Twould do

Our mother good, were she alive, to find thee ;

For her last words were " Agatha, where art thou ? "

AGATHA.

Oh ! when our parents sorrow for our crimes,

Then is the sin complete.

MAXIMIN.

She sorrows not,

And 'tis high time that thou should'st give it over.

AGATHA.

Alas ! our marrow, sinews, veins, dry up,

But not our tears ; they start with infancy,

Run on through life, and swell against the grave.

MAXIMIN.

I must now see Fra Rupert. Come thou after.  
He shall admit thee. Pelt him with reproaches,  
Then will I . .

AGATHA.

Brother ! not for these came I,  
But to avert one crime from his o'erladen  
Devoted head. He hath returned . .

MAXIMIN.

. . to join

Giovanna with Andrea? On with me :  
We may forbid the bans the second time,  
Urging perhaps a few impediments.  
He hath been in some convent o'er the hill,  
Doing sad penance on Calabrian rye,  
How then couldst thou have heard about him ? how  
Find he was here in Naples ?

AGATHA.

There he should  
And may have been : of late he was in Buda.

MAXIMIN.

You met in Buda then ?

AGATHA.

Not met.

MAXIMIN.

How know  
His visit else, if he was there indeed ?

AGATHA.

While thou and Stephen Stourdza tended sheep  
Together, I was in our mother's sight,  
And mostly in her chamber ; for ill-health  
Kept her from work. Often did Father Rupert  
Pray by her, often hear her long confession.

Long, because little could be thought of for it.  
*Now what a comfort would it be to you,*  
*If this poor child redd better,* said the friar,  
*To listen while she redd how blessed saints*  
*Have suffered, and how glorious their reward.*  
My mother claspt her hands, and *What a comfort !*  
Echoed from her sick bosom.

“ *Hath she been*  
*Confirm’d?*” he askt. “ *Yea, God be prais’d,*” sigh’d she.  
“ *We may begin then to infuse some salt*  
*Into this leaven*” said the friar, well-pleas’d.  
“ *The work is righteous : we will find spare hours.*”  
She wept for joy.

MAXIMIN.

Weep then (if weep at all)

Like her.

AGATHA.

Religious tracts soon tost aside,  
Florentine stories and Sicilian songs  
Were buz’d into my ears. The songs much pleas’d me,  
The stories (these he cull’d out from the book,  
He told me, as the whole was not for maids)  
Pleas’d me much less ; for woman’s faults were there.

MAXIMIN.

He might have left out half the pages, stil  
The book had been a bible in its bulk  
If all were there.

AGATHA.

To me this well applies,

Not to my sex.

MAXIMIN.

Thou art the best in it.  
Those who think ill of woman, hold the tongue



'Thro' shame, or ignorance of what to say,  
Or rifle the old ragbag for some shard  
Spotted and stale. On, prythee, with thy story.

AGATHA.

He taught me that soft speech, the only one  
For love ; he taught me to repeat the words  
Most tender in it ; to observe his lips  
Pronouncing them ; and his eyes scorcht my cheek  
Into deep scarlet. With his low rich voice  
He sang the sadness of the laurel'd brow,  
The tears that trickle on the rocks around  
Valchiusa. "*None but holy men can love  
As thou, Petrarca !*" sighed he at the close.  
Graver the work he brought me next. We redd  
The story of Francesca.

MAXIMIN.

What is that ?

AGATHA.

Piteous, most piteous, for most guilty, passion.  
Two lovers are condemn'd to one unrest  
For ages. I now first knew poetry,  
I had known song and sonnet long before :  
I sail'd no more amid the barren iles,  
Each one small self ; the mighty continent  
Rose and expanded ; I was on its shores.  
Fast fell the drops upon the page : he chided :  
"*And is it punishment to be whirl'd on  
With our beloved thro' eternity ?*"  
"*Oh ! they were too unhappy, too unhappy !*"  
Sobb'd I aloud : "*Who could have written this ?*"  
"*Tenderest of tender maids !*" cried he, and claspt me  
To his hot breast. Fear seiz'd me, faintness, shame.  
Be calm, my brother !

MAXIMIN.

Tell then other tale,

And skip far on.

AGATHIA.

The queen Elizabeth

Heard of me at the nunnery where I served ;  
And the good abbess, not much loving one  
Who spoke two languages and redd at night,  
Persuaded her that, being quick and needy,  
'Twould be by far more charitable in her  
To take me rather than some richer girl,  
To read by her, and lace her sandals on.  
I serv'd her several years, to her content.  
One evening after dusk, her closet-door  
Being to me at every hour unclosed,  
I was just entering, when some voice like his,  
Whispering, but deep, struck me : a glance sufficed :  
'Twas he. They neither saw me. Now occur'd  
That lately had Elizabeth said more  
And worse against Giovanna. " She might be  
Guiltless, but should not hold the throne of Naples  
From the sweet child her daughter : there were some  
Who had strong arms, and might again do better  
In cowl than fiercer spirits could in casque."  
Sleepless was I that night, afraid to meet  
The wretched man, afraid to join the queen.  
Early she rose, as usual ; earlier I.  
My sunken eyes and paleness were remarkt,  
And, whence ? was askt me.

" Those who have their brothers  
At Naples" I replied " most gracious lady,  
May well be sleepless ; for rebellion shakes  
A throne unsteady ever."

First she paus'd,  
Then said, with greater blandness than before,  
" Indeed they may. But between two usurpers  
What choice? Your brother may improve his fortune  
By loyalty, and teaching it. You wish  
To join him, I see clearly, for his good;  
It may be yours : it may be ours : go then,  
Aid him with prudent counsel : the supply  
Shall not be wanting, secrecy must not.  
She urged my parting : the same hour we parted.

---

## SCENE III. RUPERT'S CELL.

RUPERT. MAXIMIN.

RUPERT.

Thou hast delaid some little, Maximin.

MAXIMIN.

Frate ! I met a woman in the street,  
And she might well delay me : guess now why.

RUPERT.

Who in the world can guess the why of women ?

MAXIMIN.

She said she knew us both in Hungary.

RUPERT.

I now suspect the person : she is crazed.

MAXIMIN.

Well may she be, deprived of such a friend.

RUPERT.

No friend was ever mine in that false sex.  
I am impatient, Maximin.

MAXIMIN.

Impatient !

And so am I.

MAXIMIN *throws open the door, and AGATHA enters.*

Knowst thou this woman, Frate ?

RUPERT.

Art thou crazed too ? I know her ? Not at all.

MAXIMIN.

And hast thou never known her ? never toucht her ?

I only mean in giving her thy blessing.

RUPERT.

A drunken sailor in a desert ile

Would not approach her.

MAXIMIN, *indignant.*

Not my sister ?

AGATHA.

Scorner !

Insulter !

(*Aside.*) He may have forgotten. Can he ?

He did not see me, would not look at me.

MAXIMIN.

My sword shall write her name upon thy midrif.

Prepare !

AGATHA.

Hold ! hold ! Spare him yet, Maximin !

How could I . . and the man who . .

MAXIMIN.

Speak it out,

Worthless one !

AGATHA.

I am worthless. Let him live !

Oh let him live !

MAXIMIN.

Thou lovest thy betrayer.

AGATHA.

The once beloved are unestranged by falsehood ;

They cannot wholly leave us, tho' they leave us  
And never look behind.

MAXIMIN.

Wild! wild as hawk!

RUPERT, *on his knees.*

Vision of light, of love, of purity!  
Dost thou revisit on the verge of earth  
A soul so lost, to rescue it? Enough,  
Agatha! Do not ask him for my life;  
No, bid him slay me; bid him quench the days  
That have in equal darkness set and risen  
Since proud superiors banisht faithful love.  
I am grown old; few years were left me, few  
And sorrowful: my reason comes and goes:  
I am almost as capable of crimes  
As virtues.

MAXIMIN.

By my troth, a hundred-fold  
More capable.

RUPERT.

Both ('tis Heaven's will) are over.  
Here let me end my hours: they should have all  
Been thine; he knows it; let him take them for thee;  
And close thou here mine eyes where none behold,  
Forgiving me . . no, not forgiving me,  
But praying, thou pure soul! for Heaven's forgiveness.

MAXIMIN.

I will not strike thee on the ground: rise up,  
Then, when thou risest . .

AGATHA.

Come away, my brother!

RUPERT.

Never, so help me saints! will I rise up:  
I will breathe out my latest breath before her.

MAXIMIN.

It sickens a stout man to tread on toads.

(Goes)

RUPERT, *rising slowly, and passing a dagger through his fingers.*

And the stout man might slip too, peradventure.

---

SCENE IV. PALACE NEAR NAPLES.

DURAZZO. MARGARITA.

DURAZZO.

The Pope is not averse to make me king.

MARGARITA.

Do we not rule already?

DURAZZO.

Rule indeed!

Yes, one small dukedom. Any shepherd-dog  
Might make his voice heard farther off than mine.

MARGARITA.

Yet, my sweet Carlo, oftentimes I've heard you,  
When people brought before you their complaints,  
Swear at them for disturbing your repose,  
Keeping you from your hounds, your bird, your ride  
At evening, with my palfrey biting yours  
Playfully (like two Christians) at the gate.

DURAZZO.

I love to see my bird soar in the air,  
My hound burst from his puzzlement, and cite  
His peers around him to arraign the boar.

MARGARITA.

I think such semblances of high estate

Are better than the thing itself, more pleasant,  
More wholesome.

DURAZZO.

And thinks too my Margarita  
Of the gray palfrey? like a summer dawn  
His dapper sides, his red and open nostrils;  
And his fair rider like the sun just rising  
Above it, making hill and vale look gay.

MARGARITA.

She would be only what Durazzo thinks her.

DURAZZO.

Queenly he thinks her: queen he swears to make her.

MARGARITA.

I am contented; and should be, without  
Even our rule: it brings us but few cares,  
Yet some it brings us: why add more to them?

DURAZZO.

I never heard you talk so seriously.  
Not long ago I little heeded state,  
Authority, low voice, bent knee, kist hand:  
The Pope has proved to me that, sure as any  
Of the seven sacraments, the only way  
To rise above temptation, is to seize  
All that can tempt.

MARGARITA.

There must be truth then in it.  
But what will some men think when you deprive  
Our aunt of her inheritance?

DURAZZO.

Men think!

Do not men always think what they should not?

MARGARITA.

We hear so from the pulpit: it must be.

But we should never take what is another's.

DURAZZO.

Then you would never take another's child  
To feed or clothe it.

MARGARITA.

That is not my meaning.

I am quite sure my aunt has loved me dearly  
All her life long, and loves me stil ; she often  
(Kissing me) said, *How like thou art Maria !*  
You know, Durazzo, how she loved my mother.

DURAZZO.

And she loved me no less : and we love her  
And honor her.

MARGARITA.

May we not then obey her ?

DURAZZO.

The Pope, who teaches best, says otherwise.  
Rule has been tedious to her all her reign,  
And dangerous too.

MARGARITA.

Make it less dangerous, make it

Less tedious.

DURAZZO.

She has chosen the duke Otho  
To sit above thy husband, and all else.

MARGARITA.

I think my husband is as brave as he.

DURAZZO.

I think so too : yet people doubt.

MARGARITA.

Indeed !

DURAZZO

And doubt they will, unless the truest knight



Of Margarita takes to horse, and scours  
Her gransire's realm of foreners like Otho.

MARGARITA.

If you do that, you must displease our aunt.

DURAZZO.

Perhaps so: and hast never thou displeas'd her?

MARGARITA.

Never; although I sometimes did what might.

DURAZZO.

I cannot disappoint the Holy Father.

MARGARITA.

Nay, God forbid! But let me no more see her,  
To hear her tell me all she did for me!  
I can bear anything but evil tongues.

DURAZZO.

Then let us slink away and live obscurely.

[*Going.*

MARGARITA.

Come back again . . Now! would you leave me so?  
I have been thinking I must think no more  
About the matter . . and am quite resolved.

DURAZZO.

My sweetest! you have several female cousins;  
What are they?

MARGARITA.

Duchesses.

DURAZZO.

But are they queens?

MARGARITA.

No indeed; and why should they be? They queens?

DURAZZO.

I know but one well worthy of the title.

MARGARITA.

Now, who can possibly that be, I wonder !

DURAZZO.

She on whose brow already Majesty  
Hath placed a crown which no artificer  
Can render brighter, or fit better, she  
Upon whose lip Love pays the first obeisance.

*[Saluting her.]*

MARGARITA.

I know not how it is that you persuade  
So easily . . not very easily  
In this, however : yet, if but to tease  
And plague a little bit my sweet dear cousins,  
Writing the kindest letters, telling them  
That I am stil, and shall be, just the same,  
Their loving cousin ; nor in form alone ;  
And if I write but seldom for the future,  
'Tis only that we queens have many cares  
Of which my charming cousins can know nothing.

DURAZZO.

What foresight, friendliness, and delicacy !

MARGARITA.

Nothing on earth but these, in the idea  
Of vexing . . no, not vexing . . only plaguing  
(You know, love ! what I mean) my sweet dear cousins,  
Could make me waver . . and then you, sad Carlo !

DURAZZO.

To please me . .

MARGARITA.

Now, what would you have me say ?

## SCENE V. NAPLES.

PAGE. GIOVANNA. AGNES. MAXIMIN.

PAGE.

Fly, O my lady! Troops are near the city.

GIOVANNA.

There always are.

PAGE.

But strangers. People say  
Durazzo . . .

GIOVANNA.

What of him?

AGNES.

Now then confess  
I knew him better. No reports have reacht us  
These several days: the roads were intercepted.

GIOVANNA.

I will fear nothing: Otho watches over us.  
Insects, that build their tiny habitations  
Against sea-cliffs, become sea-cliffs themselves.  
I rest on Otho, and no storm can shake me.

AGNES.

How different this Durazzo!

GIOVANNA.

All men are:  
But blame not without proof, or sign of proof,  
Or accusation, any man so brave.

PAGE.

Lady! his soldiers on Camaldoli  
Wave the green banner and march hitherward.

GIOVANNA, *after a pause.*

It cannot be! my Carlo! my Carlino!  
What! he who said his prayers with hands comprest  
Between my knees, and would leap off to say them?  
Impossible! He may have been deterred  
From helping me: his people, his advisers,  
May have been adverse . . . but . . . make war upon me!  
O they have basely slandered thee, my Carlo!

AGNES.

He has been with the Holy Father lately.

GIOVANNA.

This would relieve me from all doubt, alone.

AGNES.

So kind as you have been to him! a mother!

GIOVANNA.

Remind me not of any benefit  
I may have done him: tell me his good deeds,  
Speak not (if some there may have been) of mine:  
'Twould but disturb the image that has never  
Yet fallen from my breast, and never shall.  
He was my child when my own child indeed,  
My only one, was torne away from me.

AGNES.

And you have brooded o'er a marble egg,  
Poor darkling bird!

GIOVANNA.

O Agnes! Agnes! spare me.

Let me think on . . . how pleasant 'twas to follow  
In that Carlino, in that lovely boy,  
The hidings of shy love, its shame, its glee,  
Demurest looks at matters we deem light,  
And, well worth every lesson ever taught,  
Laughter that loosens graver, and that shakes

Our solemn gauds into their proper place.

MAXIMIN (*out of breath.*)

The castle-gates are open for one moment . .

Seize them and enter . . Crowds alone impede

Durazzo, and not arms.

AGNES.

Do you believe

His treason now ?

GIOVANNA.

Peace, peace ! 'tis hard, 'tis hard !

## ACT II.

## SCENE I. RUPERT'S CELL.

RUPERT *and* MAXIMIN.RUPERT, *alone*.

I've dogged him to the palace : there's some treachery.  
Giovanna . . and that witch too, Agatha . .  
Why not all three together ? Sixty miles  
From Naples there is Muro. Now, a word  
Was dropt upon it. We must be humane.  
But, one more trial first to make him serve  
In stablishing the realm. I fain must laugh  
To think what creatures stablish realms, and how.

(MAXIMIN *enters*.)

Well, Maximin ! We live for better days  
And happier purports. Couldst thou not devise  
Something that might restore the sickened state,  
And leave our gracious king the exercise  
Of his goodwill, to give them companies  
Who now are ensigus ? Ah brave Maximin !  
I do remember when thou wert but private.  
Psein, Klapwrath, Zinga, marcht, and made thee way.  
Nothing in this our world would fain stand still.  
The earth we tread on labors to set free  
Its fires within, and shakes the mountain-heads ;  
The animals, the elements, all move,  
The sea before us, and the sky above,  
And angels on their missions between both.  
Fortune will on. There are whom happiness

Makes restless with close constancy ; there are  
Who tire of the pure air and sunny sky,  
And droop for clouds as if each hair were grass.  
No wonder then should more aspiring souls  
Be weary of one posture, one dull gloom  
All the day through, all the long day of life.

MAXIMIN *gapes*.

Weary ! ay am I. Can I soon be captain ?

RUPERT.

Why not ?

MAXIMIN.

And then what service ?

RUPERT.

Queen Giovanna

Is blockt up in the castle, as thou knowest ;  
Was not my counsel wise, to keep thee out ?  
Famine had else consumed thee ; she spares none.  
Charles of Durazzo, our beloved king,  
Presses the siege ; and, when the queen gives up,  
Thou art the man I prophecy to guard her.  
There are some jewels : lightly carried in,  
A thousand oxen cannot haul them forth ;  
But they may drop at Muro, one by one,  
And who should husband them save Maximin ?

MAXIMIN, *pretending alarm*.

I will not leave my sister out of sight :  
She ne'er must fall again.

RUPERT.

Forefend it, heaven !

I might be weak ! She would indeed be safe  
Where the queen is ! But who shall have the heart  
To shut her up ? What has she done ? Her brother  
Might be a comfort to her ; and the queen

And some few ladies trust her and caress her.  
But, though the parks and groves and tofts around,  
And meadows, from their first anemonies  
To their last saffron-crocuses, though all  
Open would be, to her, if not to them,  
And villagers and dances, and carousels  
At vintage-time, and panes that tremble, partly  
By moon-ray, partly by guitar beneath,  
Yet might the hours, without street-views, be dull.

MAXIMIN.

Don't tell her so. Get her once there. But how?  
Beside, the queen will never trust Hungarians.  
There would be mortal hatred. Is there fire  
Upon the hearth?

RUPERT.

None.

MAXIMIN.

Why then rub your hands?

---

## SCENE II. CASTEL-NUOVO.

GIOVANNA *and* AGNES.

GIOVANNA.

'Tis surely wrong that those who fight for us  
So faithfully, so wretchedly should perish;  
That thriftless jewels sparkle round your temples  
While theirs grow dank with famine.

AGNES.

Now I see,  
O my poor queen! the folly of refusal,  
When they had brought us safety.



GIOVANNA.

Not quite that,  
To me at least, but sustenance and comfort  
To our defenders in the castle here.

AGNES.

Will you now take them ?

GIOVANNA.

If some miracle  
Might turn a jewel to a grain of corn,  
I would : my own were kneaded into bread  
In the first days of our captivity.

AGNES.

And mine were stil withholden ! Pardon me,  
Just Heaven !

GIOVANNA.

In words like those invoke not Heaven.  
If we say *just*, what can we hope ? but what  
May we not hope if we say *merciful* ?

AGNES.

And yet my fault is very pardonable.  
We, at our time of life, want these adornments.

GIOVANNA.

We never want them. Youth has all its own ;  
None can shed lustre upon closing days,  
Mockers of eyes and lips and whatsoever  
Was prized ; nor can they turn one grey hair brown,  
But, skilfully transmuted, might prolong  
The life and health and happiness of hundreds.

AGNES.

Queens may talk so.

GIOVANNA.

Not safely, but to friends.

AGNES.

With power and pomp . .

GIOVANNA.

Behold my pomp, my power !  
These naked walls, cold pavement, grated windows.

AGNES.

Let me share these with you. Take all my jewels.

GIOVANNA.

Forbear, forbear, dear Agnes !

AGNES.

Earth then, take them !  
*Throwing them from her.*

---

## SCENE III. CASTEL-NUOVO.

DURAZZO. RUPERT. GIOVANNA. AGNES.

DURAZZO.

Upon my knees I do entreat of you  
To hear me. In sincerity, the crown  
(Now mine) was forced upon me.

GIOVANNA.

Carlo ! Carlo !

Know you what crowns are made of ?

DURAZZO, *rising*.

I must wear one,  
However fitly or unfitly made.

GIOVANNA.

The ermine is outside, the metal burns  
Into the brain.

DURAZZO.

Its duties, its conditions,  
Are not unknown to me, nor its sad cares.

GIOVANNA.

'Tis well Maria my sweet sister lives not

To see this day.

DURAZZO.

But Margarita lives,  
Her beauteous daughter, my beloved wife.  
She thinks you very kind who let her go  
And join me, when strange rumours flew abroad  
And liars call'd me traitor.

GIOVANNA.

With my blessing  
She went, nor heard (I hope) that hateful name.

DURAZZO, *negligently*.

My cousin Agnes ! not one word from you ?

AGNES.

Charles of Durazzo ! God abandons thee  
To thy own will : can any gulph lie lower !

DURAZZO.

'Twas not my will.

AGNES.

No !

DURAZZO.

What I did, I did  
To satisfy the people.

AGNES.

Satisfy

Ocean and Fire.

DURAZZO.

The Church too.

AGNES.

Fire and Ocean  
Shall lie together, and shall both pant gorged,  
Before the Church be satisfied, if Church  
Be that proud purple shapeless thing we see.

DURAZZO *to* RUPERT.

Show the pope's charter of investiture.

RUPERT.

'Tis this. May it please our lady that I read it.

GIOVANNA *to* DURAZZO.

Reasons where there are wrongs but make them heavier.

DURAZZO *to* AGNES.

When the whole nation cries in agony  
Against the sway of Germans, should I halt?

AGNES.

No German rules this country; one defends  
And comforts and adorns it: may he long!  
The bravest of his race, the most humane.

DURAZZO.

Quell'd, fugitive, nor Germany nor France  
Afford him aid against us.

GIOVANNA.

Sir! he hoped

No aid from France.

AGNES.

Does any? What is France?

One flaring lie, reddening the face of Europe.

DURAZZO.

French is Provenza.

AGNES.

There our arts prevail,  
Our race: no lair of tigers is Provenza.  
I call that France where mind and soul are French.

DURAZZO.

Sooner would he have graspt at German arms.

GIOVANNA.

God hold them both from Italy for ever!

DURAZZO.

She shall want neither. The religious call  
Blessings upon us in long-drawn processions.

AGNES.

Who are the men you please to call religious?  
Sword-cutlers to all Majesties on earth,  
Drums at the door of every theatre  
Where tragedies are acted: that friar knows it.

RUPERT.

Such is the fruit of letters sown in courts!  
Peaches with nettle leaves and thistle crowns!  
Upon my faith! kings are unsafe near them.

DURAZZO, to AGNES.

May-be we scarcely have your sanction, lady?  
Am I one?

AGNES.

No.

DURAZZO.

What am I?

AGNES.

What! an ingrate.

DURAZZO, *scoffingly*.

Is that to be no king? You may rave on,  
Fair cousin Agnes: she who might complain  
Absolves me.

AGNES.

Does the child she fed? the orphan?  
The outcast? does he, can he, to himself,  
And before us?

DURAZZO.

I, the king, need it it not.

AGNES.

All other blind men know that they are blind,  
All other helpless feel their helplessness.

## SCENE IV. UNDER CASTEL-NUOVO.

DURAZZO *and* RUPERT.

RUPERT.

Remarkt you not how pale she turn'd?

DURAZZO.

At what?

RUPERT.

I said kings were unsafe. She knew my meaning.

DURAZZO.

No man alive believes it: none believed it,  
Beside the vulgar, when Andrea died.

RUPERT.

Murdered he was.

DURAZZO.

Mysteriously. Some say . .

RUPERT.

What do some say?

DURAZZO.

I never heeded them.

I know thee faithful: in this whole affair  
I've proved it. He who goes on looking back  
Is apt to trip and tumble.[*Goes.*]RUPERT, *alone.*

Why this hatred?

Are there no memories of her far more pleasant?  
I saw her in her childish days: I saw her  
When she had cast away her toys, and sate  
Sighing in idleness, and wishing more  
To fall into her lap; but what? and how?  
I saw her in the gardens, stil a child,

So young, she mockt the ladies of the court,  
And threw the gravel at them from her slipper,  
And ran without if they pursued, but stopt  
And leapt to kiss the face of an old statue  
Because it smiled upon her : then would she  
Shudder at two wrens fighting, shout, and part them.  
Next came that age (the lovely seldom pass it)  
When books lie open, or, in spite of pressing,  
Will open of themselves at some one place.  
Lastly, I saw her when the bridal crown  
Entwined the regal. Oh ! that ne'er these eyes  
Had seen it ! then, Andrea ! thou had'st lived,  
My comfort, my support. Divided power  
Ill could I brook ; how then, how tolerate  
Its rude uprooting from the breast that rear'd it !  
And must I now sweep from me the last blossoms  
That lie and wither in the walk of life ?  
Fancies ! . . mere fancies ! . . let me cease to waver.  
Who would not do as I did ? I am more  
A man than others, therefor I dare more,  
And suffer more. Such is humanity :  
I cannot halve it. Superficial men  
Have no absorbing passions : shallow seas  
Are void of whirlpools. I must on, tho' loath.

---

## SCENE V. PALACE-GARDEN.

MAXIMIN *and* AGATHIA.

MAXIMIN.

Courage ! or start and leave me. Sobs indeed !  
Pack those up for young girls who want some comfits.  
Nay, by my soul, to see grown women sob it,

As thou dost, even wert thou not my sister,  
Smites on me here and whets my sword at once.  
It maddens me with choler . . for what else  
Can shake me so? I feel my eyes on fire.  
He shall pay dear for it, the cursed Frate.

AGATHA.

Why, Maximin, O why didst thou consent  
To meet the friar again?

MAXIMIN.

To make him serve thee.

AGATHA.

Poverty rather! want . . even infamy.

MAXIMIN.

Did'st thou not pity, would'st not serve, the queen?

AGATHA.

Oh might I! might I! she alone on earth  
Is wretcheder: my soul shall ever bend  
Before that sacreddest supremacy.

MAXIMIN.

Come with me: we will talk about the means.

AGATHA.

But, be thou calm.

MAXIMIN.

A lamb.

He little thinks [*Aside.*

To see the lamb turn round and bite the butcher.

Agatha! Agatha! while I repeat  
Thy name again, freshness breathes over me.  
What is there like it? Why, 'tis like sweet hay  
To rest upon after a twelve hour's march,  
Clover, with all its flowers, an arm's length deep.



## SCENE VI. NAPLES. PALACE OF BUTEL

BUTELLO and RUPERT.

BUTELLO *reads*.*We, Urban, by the grace of God . .*

RUPERT.

Well, well ;

That is all phrase and froth ; dip in the spoon  
A little deeper ; we shall come at last  
To the sweet solids and the racy wine.

BUTELLO.

Patience, good Frate, patience !

RUPERT.

Now, Butello,

If I cried *patience*, wouldst not thou believe  
I meant *delay* ? So do not cry it then.  
Read on . . about the middle. That will do . .  
Pass over *love, solicitude, grief, foresight*,  
Paternal or avuncular. Push on . .  
There . . thereabout.

BUTELLO.

Lift off thy finger, man,

And let me, in God's name, read what wants reading.

RUPERT.

Prythee be speedy . . Where thou seest my name . .

BUTELLO *reads*.

*If that our well-beloved Frate Rupert  
Shall, by his influence thereunto directed  
By the blest saints above, and the good will  
Which the said Frate Rupert ever bore us,  
Before the expiration of one month,*

*So move the heart of Carlo of Durazzo  
That the said Carlo do invade and seize . .*

RUPERT.

What would his Holiness have next ?

BUTELLO.

Wait, wait.

*Naples, a kingdom held by our permission . .*

RUPERT.

Ho ! is that all ? 'Tis done.

BUTELLO.

Hear me read on.

*From those who at this present rule the same . .*

RUPERT.

This present is already past. I've won.

BUTELLO.

*And shall consign a princely fief thereof,  
Hereditary, to our foresaid nephew  
Gieronimo Butello, We, by power  
Wherewith we are invested, will exalt  
Our trusty well-beloved Frate Rupert  
Unto the highest charge our Holy Church  
Bestows upon her faithful servitors.*

RUPERT.

Would not one swear those words were all engrossed,  
And each particular letter stood bolt-upright,  
Captain'd with taller at the column-head ?  
What marshal'd files ! what goodly companies !  
And, to crown all, the grand heaven-sent commission  
Seal'd half way over with green wax, and stiff  
With triple crown, and crucifix below it.  
Give me the paper.

BUTELLO.

Why ?

RUPERT, *impatient.*

Give me the paper.

BUTELLO.

His Holiness hath signed it.

RUPERT.

Let me see.

BUTELLO.

Look.

RUPERT.

Nay but give it me.

BUTELLO.

A piece of paper!

RUPERT.

. . Cannot be worth a principality.

BUTELLO, *giving it.*

There then.

RUPERT.

What dukedom has the grandest sound?

BUTELLO.

Dukedom! the Pope says principality.

RUPERT.

Thou soon shalt blazon.

BUTELLO.

I relie on you:

Adieu, my lord!

RUPERT.

My prince, adieu!

(*Alone.*) Who knows

If this will better me! Away from court?

No; never. Leave the people? When he leaves it,

The giant is uplifted off the earth

And loses all his strength. My foot must press it.

Durazzo, in things near, is shrewd and sighted:

I may not lead him. If I rule no more  
This kingdom, yet ere long my tread may sound  
Loud in the conclave, and my hand at last  
Turn in their golden wards the keys of heaven.

---

SCENE VII. CASTLE OF MURO.

GIOVANNA *and* AGATHA.

GIOVANNA.

Both mind and body in their soundest state  
Are always on the verge of a disorder,  
And fear encreases it: take courage then.

AGATHA.

There is an error in the labyrinth  
Of woman's life whence never foot returns.

GIOVANNA.

Hath God said that?

AGATHA.

O lady! man hath said it.

GIOVANNA.

He built that labyrinth, he led that foot  
Into it, and there left it. Shame upon him!  
I take thee to my service and my trust.  
To love the hateful with prone prudent will  
Is worse than with fond unsuspectingness  
To fall upon the bosom of the lovely,  
The wise who value us, the good who teach us,  
The generous who forgive us when we err.

AGATHA.

Oh! I have no excuse.

GIOVANNA.

She stands absolved

Before her God who says it as thou sayst it.  
I have few questions for thee : go, be happier.  
I owe thy brother more than I can pay,  
And would, when thou hast leisure, hear what chance  
Rais'd up a friend where the ground seem'd so rough.

AGATHA.

Leave me no leisure, I beseech of you :  
I would have cares and sorrows not my own  
To cover mine from me : I would be questioned,  
So please you, I may else be false in part,  
Not being what eyes bedim'd with weeping see me.

GIOVANNA.

You come, 'tis rumour'd here, from Hungary.  
My infant was torne from me by his uncle  
And carried into Hungary.

AGATHA.

I saw it.

GIOVANNA.

Saw it ! my infant ! to have seen my infant,  
How blessed ! Was it beautiful ? strong ? smiling ?

AGATHA.

It had mild features and soft sun-bright hair,  
And seem'd quite happy.

GIOVANNA.

No, poor thing, it was not ;  
It often wanted me, I know it did,  
And sprang up in the night and cried for me,  
As I for it . . at the same hour, no doubt.  
It soon soon wasted . . And you saw my child !  
I wish you would remember more about him . .  
The little he could say you must remember . .  
Repeat it me.

AGATHA.

Ah lady ! he was gone,  
And angels were the first that taught him speech.

GIOVANNA.

Happier than angels ever were before !

AGATHA.

He happier too !

GIOVANNA.

Ah ! not without his mother !  
Go, go, go . . There are graves no time can close.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I. NAPLES. PALACE.

DURAZZO. RUPERT. HERALD. OFFICERS.

DURAZZO.

I thought I heard a trumpet. But we reel  
After we step from shipboard, and hear trumpets  
After we ride from battle. 'Twas one. Hark!  
It sounds again. Who enters?

OFFICER.

Please your Highness!

A herald claims admittance.

DURAZZO.

Let him in.

RUPERT.

Now for disguises ; now for masks ; steel, silk ;  
Nothing in these days does but maskery.  
Pages talk, sing, ride with you, sleep beside you,  
For years: behold-ye ! some fine April-day  
They spring forth into girls, with their own faces,  
Tricks, tendernesses . . ne'er a mark of saddle !

*(HERALD enters.)*

Bacco ! this is not one of them, however !

DURAZZO.

Well, sir, your message.

HERALD.

Herald from duke Otho,  
I bring defiance and demand reply.

DURAZZO.

I know duke Otho's courage, and applaud  
His wisdom. Tell duke Otho from king Carlo,  
I would in his place do the very same :  
But, having all I want, assure your lord  
I am contented.

RUPERT.

Blessed is content.

DURAZZO.

Now, should duke Otho ever catch the reins  
(For all things upon earth are changeable)  
He cannot well refuse the turn he tries,  
But will permit me to contend with him  
For what at present I propose to keep.

HERALD.

If then your Highness should refuse the encounter,  
Which never knight, and rarely king, refuses . .

DURAZZO.

Hold, sir ! All kings are knights. The alternative ?

HERALD.

None can there be where combat is declined.  
He would not urge in words the queen's release,  
But burns to win it from a recreant knight.

DURAZZO.

Did Otho say it ?

HERALD.

Standing here his herald,  
I have no voice but his.

DURAZZO.

You may have ears :  
Hear me then, sir ! You know, all know at Naples,  
The wife and husband are as near at present  
As ever, though the knight and lady not.



She, when she married him, declined his love,  
And never had he hers: Taranto won it,  
And, when he squandered it, 'twas unretrieved.

HERALD.

Is this, sir, for my ears or for my voice ?  
My voice (it is a man's) will not convey it.

DURAZZO, *to guards*.

Escort the herald back with honors due.

*to* RUPERT.

What think you, my lord bishop of Nocera ?

RUPERT.

Troublesome times ! troublesome times indeed !  
My flock, my brethren at Nocera, will,  
Must, want me : but how leave my prince, a prey  
To tearing factions, godless, kingless men !

DURAZZO.

Never mind me, good father !

RUPERT.

Mind not you ?

I cannot go ; I would not for the world.

DURAZZO.

The world is of small worth to holy men.

RUPERT.

I will not hence until the storm be past.

DURAZZO.

After a storm the roads are heavier.  
Courage ! my good lord bishop ! We must speed  
And chaunt our *Veni Domine* at Nocera.

RUPERT.

Then would your Highness . .

DURAZZO.

Not corporeally,  
But, where my bishop is, I am in spirit.  
(*Goes.*)

RUPERT, *alone.*

So ! this is king . . and wit too ! *that's* not kingly.  
Can he be ignorant of who I am ?  
They will show fragments of this sturdy frock,  
Whence every thread starts visible, when all  
The softer nappery, in its due descent,  
Drops from the women, Carlo, to the moths.

---

SCENE II. APARTMENT IN THE CASTLE  
OF MURO.

MAXIMIN *and* AGATHA.

MAXIMIN.

How fares thy lady ?

AGATHA.

As one fares who never  
Must see the peopled earth, nor hear its voice  
Nor know its sympathy ; so fares Giovanna ;  
But, pure in spirit, rises o'er the racks  
Whereof our world is only one vast chamber.

MAXIMIN.

Dost thou enjoy the gardens, fields, and forests ?

AGATHA.

Perfectly.

MAXIMIN.

Hast a palfrey ?

AGATHA.

Had I ever ?

Reading and needlework employ the day.

MAXIMIN.

Ah ! our good mother little knew what pests  
Those needles and those books are, to bright eyes ;  
Rivals should recommend them, mothers no.

We will ride out together.

AGATHA.

On what horses?

MAXIMIN.

One brought me. Are the queen's at grass?

AGATHA.

We have none.

MAXIMIN.

Thou art hale, Agatha, but how enjoy  
Perfectly, as thou sayest, these domains?

AGATHA.

By looking out at window with the queen.

MAXIMIN.

All the day thro'?

AGATHA.

I read to her: and then,  
If she suspects it tires me, she takes up  
The volume, and pretends great interest  
Just there, and reads it out.

MAXIMIN.

True history?

AGATHA.

History she throws by.

MAXIMIN.

Then sweet-heart songs,  
Adventures?

AGATHA.

Some she reads, and over some  
Tosses her work, rises, and shuts the cover.

MAXIMIN.

I would not shut the song-book. There are others  
That show within them gold-and-purple saints,  
Heads under arm, eyes upon platter, laughing  
At her who carries them and lately wore them.

AGATHA.

Such are not wanting.

MAXIMIN.

Pleasant sights enough !

I would fain see them.

AGATHA.

Quite impossible.

MAXIMIN.

On feast-days ?

AGATHA.

All are in her bedroom-closet.

MAXIMIN.

So ! the best books then must be out of sight,  
As all the best things are ! What are her pictures ?

AGATHA.

Chiefly her own lost family, and those  
She loved the most in it.

MAXIMIN.

O for a glimpse !

Tell me at least who are they.

AGATHA.

Good king Robert,

Whose face she often kisses.

MAXIMIN.

None more worth it ?

AGATHA.

There are the two Marias : one clate  
With merriment, her eyes orbs wing'd with flame ;  
Long deep and dark the other's, and within  
Whose cooler fountains blisfully might bathe  
A silenter and (haply) purer love.

MAXIMIN.

I should be glad to look at them, but rather  
At the kind queen herself.

AGATHA.

That thou mayst do.

MAXIMIN.

When ?

AGATHA.

Now ; I think ; for having heard who 'twas  
That warn'd her of her danger when the duke  
Rode in, she wisht to thank thee. Come with me :  
I must first enter and announce your name.

MAXIMIN.

I thought you said she knew it. Take your course.

---

SCENE III. CHAMBER AT MURO.

GIOVANNA. MAXIMIN. AGATHA.

GIOVANNA.

Accept my too few thanks, sir, for your zeal . . .

MAXIMIN.

Fine air, my lady queen, in this high tower ;  
Healthy as Hungary ; may you enjoy it  
These many days !

GIOVANNA, *bending*.

I fancied Hungary  
Was moister, leveler, than hereabout.

MAXIMIN.

We have a plain in Hungary on which,  
Just in the middle, all of Italy's  
You shall pin down nor see them from the sides.  
And then what cattle ! horse, ox, sheep ! God's blessing  
Upon hard-working men, like furlough soldiers,  
And rare sport at the foray, when the Turk

Might seize them if we sent them not to quarters.  
Here too seems nothing wanting. (*Looking round.*)

GIOVANNA.

A few friends  
Were welcome, could they but return, whose pen  
And conversation lighten'd former hours.

MAXIMIN.

Learned ones; ay?

GIOVANNA.

The learned came around me.

MAXIMIN.

Whistle, and they are at the barley-corns,  
Wing over wing, beak against beak, I warrant.  
I knew two holy friars, as holy men  
As ever snored in sackcloth after sinning,  
And they were learned. What now was the upshot?  
I should have said one's crucifix was white,  
The other's black. They plied mild arguments  
In disputation. *Brother*, was the term  
At first, then *sir*, then nothing worse than *devil*.  
But those fair words, like all fair things, soon dropt.  
Fists were held up, grins in the face grew rife,  
'Teeth (tho' in these one had the better of it  
By half a score) were closed like money-boxes  
Against the sinner damn'd for poverty.  
At last the learned and religious men  
Fell to it mainly, crucifix in hand,  
Until no splinter, ebony or linden,  
Was left, of bulk to make a toothpick of.

AGATHA.

Brother! such speech is here irreverent.

GIOVANNA.

Let him speak on: we are not queens all day.  
Soldiers are rivals of the hierarchs,

And prone to jealousy, as less at ease,  
Less wealthy, and, altho' the props of power,  
Less powerful and commanding.

MAXIMIN.

Never queen  
Spoke truer. I bear lusty hate to them.

AGATHA.

Again? O Maximin! before our princes  
We never hate nor love.

MAXIMIN.

Then, lady, I  
Am your worst vassal.

GIOVANNA.

How?

MAXIMIN.

Being taught to hate you . .  
God pardon me! None but the frockt could teach  
So false a creed. But now the heart let loose  
Swings quite the other way. Folks say they love  
Their princes: sure they must have wrong'd them first.  
I turned away mine eyes from your young beauty,  
And muttered to my beard, and made it quiver  
With my hard breathing of hard thoughts: but now  
Conspirators shall come in vain against you:  
Here is the sill they tread upon who enter.  
(*Striking his breast.*)

---

#### SCENE IV. RUPERT'S CLOISTER.

RUPERT, *alone.*

Fealty sworn, should I retract so soon?  
I will live quiet . . no more crimes for me . .

When this is fairly over . . for a crime  
It surely is . . albeit much holier men  
Have done much worse and lived in odor after.  
They were spare men, and had poor appetites,  
And wanted little sleep. 'Twont do with me.  
Beside, I must get over this bad habit  
Of talking to myself. One day or other  
Some fool may read me, mark me, and do hurt.  
And furthermore . . when highest dignities  
Invest us, what is there to think about ?  
What need for cleverness, wit, circumspection,  
Or harm to any . . who keep still, submiss,  
And brush not in attempting to pass by.

---

SCENE V.

STEPHEN *enters*.

So, Stephen ! we Hungarians are sent off.

STEPHEN.

Your Reverence is made bishop, we hear say :  
As for all us . . .

RUPERT.

Lupins . . . when times are good.  
Ah ! thou hast bowels ; thou canst pity others.

STEPHEN.

I can myself.

RUPERT.

I all my countrymen.  
I have been lately in that happy realm  
Our native land.

(*whispers.*)

Her kings should govern here.



STEPHEN.

And everywhere. What loyal subject doubts  
His prince's right over all other princes?

RUPERT.

Here are sad discontents. The prince Butello,  
Nephew of His Beatitude the Pope,  
Cannot yet touch his principality.  
Durazzo, our sharp king, snatches it back,  
Altho' the kingdom was bestowed on him  
Under this compact.

STEPHEN.

He will bring down bull  
And thunder on his crown. The pope's own nephew !

RUPERT.

No less a man.

STEPHEN.

If there's pope's blood in him  
He wont stand robbery.

RUPERT.

We owe obedience  
To kings . . unless a higher authority  
Dissolves it.

STEPHEN.

Doubtless: but what kings? our own  
Say I.

RUPERT.

O Stephen! say it, say it softly.  
Few ears can open and can close like mine.

STEPHEN, *aside*.

Ah! how good men all over are maligned!

RUPERT.

I would not trust another soul on earth . .  
But others must be trusted. Lucky they

Who first bring over to right ways the brave,  
First climb the pole and strip the garland off  
With all its gold about it. Then what shouts !  
What hugs ! what offers ! dowers, in chests, in farms . .  
Ah ! these are worldly things too fondly prized !  
But there are what lie deeper ; the true praise  
Of loyalty, of sanctity.

STEPHEN, *pondering*.

'Tis pleasant

To look into warm chest with well-wrought hinges  
That turn half-yearly. Pleasant too are farms  
When harvest-moons hang over them, and wanes  
Jolt in the iron-tinged rut, and the white ox  
Is call'd by name, and patted ere pull'd on.

RUPERT.

These are all thine. I have lived many days  
And never known that man unprosperous  
Who served our holy church in high emprise.

STEPHEN.

If so, I wish I could.

RUFERT.

Wish we had kings

Who keep their words like ours of Hungary.

STEPHEN.

Just.

RUPERT.

I have half a mind to let Elizabeth  
Know what a zealous subject, what a brave,  
Her daughter has at Naples.

STEPHEN.

Would she give me  
(For thanks in these hard times are windy) money ?  
Think you ?

RUPERT.

Don't squander all away. Few know  
Its power, its privilege. It dubs the noble,  
It raises from the dust the man as light,  
It turns frowns into smiles, it makes the breath  
Of sore decrepitude breathe fresh as morn  
Into maternal ear and virgin breast.

STEPHIEN.

Is that all it can do? I see much farther.  
I see full twenty hens upon the perch,  
I see fat cheese moist as a charnel-house,  
I see hogs' snouts under the door, I see  
Flitches of bacon in the rack above.

RUPERT.

Rational sights! fair hopes! unguilty wishes!  
I am resolved: I can refrain no longer:  
Thou art the man for prince to rest upon,  
The plain, sound, sensible, straitforward man,  
No courtier . . . or not much of one . . . but fit  
To show courts what they should be. Hide this letter.  
Mind! if thou lovest it, or let'st an eye  
Glance on it, I may want the power again  
To serve thee: thou art ruin'd. The new king  
Might chide and chafe should Rupert ask another  
To forward any suit he would prefer  
For friend or kindred. Since thou must return  
To Hungary, thou shalt not go ill-fed.  
'Tis to the queen's confessor; look at it;  
Now put it up; now, godson of our Saint!  
Take this poor purse, and, honest soul! this blessing.  
Guides thou shalt have all the first day, and rules  
How to go forward on the road: so speed thee!

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I. CASTLE OF MURO.

GIOVANNA. AGATHA.

GIOVANNA.

Long have we lived in one imprisonment ;  
Our tears have darkened many a thread about  
Each distaff, at the whitening half-spent fire  
On winter-night ; many a one when deep purple  
Cloath'd yonder mountain after summer-day,  
And one sole bird was singing, sad though free.  
Death, like all others, hath forgotten me,  
And grief, methinks, now growing old, grows lighter.

AGATHA.

To see you smile amid your grief, consoles me.

GIOVANNA.

never wanted confidence in you,  
Yet never have I opened my full mind,  
Keeping some thoughts secreted, altho' bent  
To draw them out before you. They have lain  
Like letters which, however long desired,  
We cover with the hand upon the table  
And dare not open.

AGATHA.

If relief there be,  
Why pause ? if not, why blame your diffidence ?

GIOVANNA.

Fostered too fondly, I shot up too tall  
In happiness : it wasted soon. Taranto

Had my first love; Andrea my first vow,  
And warm affection, which shuts out sometimes  
Love, rather than embraces it. To lose him  
Pained me, God knows! and worse (so lost!) than all  
The wild reports Hungarians spread about me.  
My first admirer was my first avenger.  
He, laying at my feet his conquering sword,  
Withdrew. Two years elapst, he urged the dangers  
That stil encompass me; recall'd our walks,  
Our studies, our reproofs for idling, smiled  
By (O kind man!) the grandfather of both.  
I bade him hope. Hope springs up at that word  
And disappears; Love, radiant Love, alights.  
Taranto was my joy; my heart was full:  
Alas! how little can the full heart spare!  
I paus'd . . because I ill might utter it . .  
In time he turn'd his fancies to another.  
Wretchedest of the wretched was I now;  
But gentle tones much comforted my anguish,  
Until they ended; then loud throbs confused  
The treasured words; then heavy sleep opprest me.  
I was ashamed . . I *am* ashamed . . yet (am I  
Unwomanly to own it?) when he loved  
One only, I was driven to despair;  
When more . . *Adieu Taranto!* cried my heart  
And almost sank thro' sorrow into peace.  
O that fresh crimes in him should solace me!  
My life of love was over, when his spirit  
Flew from my lips, and carried my forgiveness  
On high, for Heaven's.

Wars burst forth again :

He who defended me from their assaults  
Saw in me what to love, but whom to love

He found not in me.

“ *If my confidence,  
My gratitude,*” said I, “ *suffice thee, Otho,  
Here is my hand.*”

He took it, and he wept.  
Brave man ! and let me also weep for thee !

AGATHA.

Not beauteous youth enrobed in royal purple  
And bright with early hope, have moved you so.

GIOVANNA.

Record not either ; let me dwell on Otho ;  
The thoughts of him sink deeper in my pillow ;  
His valiant heart and true one bleeds for me.

---

## SCENE II. COURT-YARD OF MURO.

MAXIMIN *and* STEPHEN.

STEPHEN.

Maximin ! art thou close ?

MAXIMIN.

Yea, close enough,  
Altho I have the whole court-yard to cool in.

STEPHEN.

I meant not that.

MAXIMIN.

A baton to a pike  
Thou didst not ; else thou hadst not spoken it.

STEPHEN.

Some folks think better of my understanding.

MAXIMIN.

None of thy heart : give me thy fist then, Stephen.

STEPHIEN.

That sets all right.

MAXIMIN.

What brought thee hither ?

STEPHEN.

What ?

MAXIMIN.

Hast secrets ?

STEPHEN.

None worth knowing.

MAXIMIN.

No man has :

They never did one any good.

STEPHIEN.

They may.

Maximin ! hast commands for Hungary ?

MAXIMIN.

For Hungary ?

STEPHIEN.

What ! is there no such place ?

MAXIMIN.

No, by my soul ! nor ever will for me.

Were not my sister here about her duty,

I could knock out my brains against the wall

To think of Hungary.

STEPHEN.

Yet thou hast there

No croft, no homestead, pullet, chick.

MAXIMIN.

Hast thou ?

STEPHIEN.

I am a man at last. Wert thou but one !

MAXIMIN.

Stephen, we will not quarrel.

STEPHEN.

I am rich

I meant to say.

MAXIMIN.

So far so well : however,  
Not some bold thief who stands some ages back  
(Tho' better there than nearer) nor some bolder  
Who twists God's word and overturns his scales,  
Nor steel, nor soil in any quantity,  
Nor gold, whose chain encompasses the globe,  
Nor even courage, Stephen, is sufficient  
To make a man : one breath on Woman's wrongs,  
Lifting the heart, does that.

STEPHEN.

And other things.

MAXIMIN.

Chick, pullet, homestead, croft ; are these our makers ?

STEPHEN.

I have them in this lining, one and all.

MAXIMIN, *suspecting*.

Stephen ! I could show thee the duplicate  
In the same hand. He who fixt me at Muro  
Will fix thee too in some such place as firmly.  
What ! hast no heart for castles ? art low-minded ?  
How ! with chick, pullet, homestead, croft ? Sit down :  
Thou didst not sweat so after all thy walk  
As thou dost now. What ails thee, man ?

STEPHEN.

What ails me !

Nothing.



MAXIMIN.

But did Fra Rupert, did he truly  
Clap thee up here?    Cleverly done!    Don't blame him.

STEPHEN.

Blame him ! if friar he were not, and moreover  
The tadpole of a bishop, by the martyr !  
I would run back and grapple with his weazon.

MAXIMIN.

He is too cunning for us simple men.

STEPHEN.

For thee, it seems, he has been . . . but for me,  
I, man or child, was never yet out-witted.

MAXIMIN.

Ah ! we all think so ; yet all are, by weaker.  
And now about the letter.

STEPHEN.

Thee he trusted ;

I know he did ; show me the duplicate.

MAXIMIN.

Duplicates are not written first nor shown first.  
How many men art good against?

STEPHEN.

One only.

MAXIMIN.

Then five might overmaster thee and gag thee,  
And five are ready in the Appennines;  
If I knew where exactly, I would tell thee.

STEPHEN.

A fiend of hell in frock !

MAXIMIN.

No, not so bad:  
He, without blame or danger on thy part,  
Shall build thy fortune.

STEPHEN.

He? I scorn the thief . .

Beside . . he would not.

MAXIMIN.

Would or not, he shall.

*(Stephen hesitates.)*

Am I an honest man?

STEPHEN.

Why! as men go.

MAXIMIN.

Give me the letter then, and, on my life,  
It shall do more and better for thee much  
Than placed in any other hands but mine.

*(An Officer passes.)*

Ho! captain! see an honest man at last,

*(Giving him the letter.)*

And you the very one he came about.

STEPHEN, *threatening Maximin.*

Traitor!

MAXIMIN.

A traitor, with a vengeance, is he.

STEPHEN.

Hangman!

MAXIMIN.

Thou needst not call him; he will come  
Presently.

*(To the Officer.)*

This poor hind hath saved the prince  
From insurrection, from invasion. Read.

*(Officer reads.)*

The royal favour will shine warm upon  
One friend of mine.

OFFICER.

Be sure : he will be made.

'Tis but our service . . We must not complain . .

Tho there are things, of late, which soldier's crops  
Swell high against. We captains . .

MAXIMIN.

Ay, we captains ! .

OFFICER.

I must be gone to Naples ; so must thou

My gallant grey-coat.

*(Goes out.)*

MAXIMIN.

Tell me how thou camest

To Muro, of all places in the world,

It lies so wide of any road to Hungary.

STEPHEN.

Fra Rupert bade me follow at mid-day

A band of holy mendicants, due south,

To baffle all suspicion : the next morn

To cross the mountains on my left, and turn

Northward, and then take boat by Pesaro.

While they were stretcht along the levellest tiles

In the best chamber . . being mendicants . .

Each on his sheepskin . . for they love soft lying . .

Of grand farm-house ; and while nighthawk and grillo

Fought for it which should sing them first to sleep ;

And while aside them, in brass pot unfathomed,

The rich goat-whey was ripening for next breakfast,

I thought of my far sheep and my near friend ;

My near friend first ; and so, by luck, here am I.

MAXIMIN.

But how didst dream that thou shouldst find me here ?

STEPHEN.

Who, in the Virgin's name, should first step up,  
After I bade the mendicants good-bye,  
Who but Augustin ! Much about our country,  
Mops, wakes, fairs, may-poles, gipsy-girls, and fortunes,  
When suddenly, as one that knew them all,  
He whispered thou wert at this Muro here,  
Some twenty miles, or near upon it, off.  
I must fain see thee. After three hour's walk  
I ask the distance : twenty-five miles scant.  
At night I supt and slept with an old shepherd :  
His dog soon crope betwixt us ; so genteely,  
I should have never known it, but his nose  
Was cold against my ear, and, when I turn'd,  
A snag or two was at it . . without harm.  
Morning blew sharp upon us from the hills.  
*How far are we from Muro, my good man ?*  
Said I, and dipt my olive in the salt.  
" *Scant thirty miles.*" Let never man believe  
In luck ! I overturned the salt, alert  
To hurry on ; yet here thou seest me, rich . .  
Sleeping six hours in winter, five in summer.

MAXIMIN, *pondering.*

Augustin told thee I was here ! Augustin !  
How should he know ? One only knew beside  
The friar : he never would have told : she told him.

*(Walks about impatiently.)*

Augustin has smooth locks and fresh complexion,  
And heels for dance and voice for duleimer,  
Rare articles at finding secrets out :  
But, with thy slanting face, and arm curl'd round  
The inside canework of a padded chair,  
And leg oblique slid negligently under,

If thou wouldst keep them nicely in repair  
Ferret no more my secrets out, Augustin !

OFFICER (*returned.*)

Ready ? my dapple grey ! ready for Naples ?

STEPHEN.

Not without Maximin. By his advice  
I call'd you in to help us : he shall have  
His share.

MAXIMIN.

When our blythe king sniffs up the wind  
And sees the clouds roll mainly from the north,  
And finds Giovanna's enemies advance,  
He may be kinder to her : so, commander,  
If you believe I did my duty now,  
Let me confirm the letter you convey.

OFFICER.

Canst thou add aught ?

MAXIMIN.

Much, were there much required.

OFFICER.

Come then along : we will drink gold tomorrow.

---

### SCENE III. MONASTERY GARDEN.

RUPERT, *alone.*

I must have peace : I cannot live without it :  
Only few years (who knows) may yet remain.  
They shall not hurt the queen : in part the harm  
Would be my doing. But then Maximin . .  
He too . . yet why not let him die in battle ?  
Battles there will be : kings are all tenacious

Of their king-life : Italians are astute,  
Hugarians valiant : two stout swords must clash  
Before one break.

That Agatha, that Agatha  
Troubles me most of all ! Suppose she comes  
Into my very palace at Nocera,  
And tells the people what the bishop did !  
Never was blow cruel like this since Herod.  
Giovanna must then live, if for her sake  
Alone ; for such her tenderness, her truth,  
She'll not abandon her while life remains.

---

SCENE IV. PALACE IN NAPLES.

DURAZZO. CHANCELLOR. PRIVY-COUNSELLORS.

DURAZZO.

Speak, my lord chancellor : you now have redd  
The letter thro' : can doubt remain upon it ?

(*Chancellor shakes his head.*)

Gentlemen ! you have heard it : what think you ?

FIRST COUNSELLOR.

Traiterous, if there be treason.

SECOND COUNSELLOR.

Sentence then.

CHANCELLOR.

Powerful is Rupert : many think him saintly,  
All know him wise and wary : he has friends  
In every house, and most among the women.  
Such men are dangerous to impeach : beside,  
Being now bishop . .

DURAZZO.

Not quite yet : appointed,

Not seated.

CHANCELLOR.

This quite changes the whole aspect.  
Once bearing that high dignity, once throned . .

DURAZZO.

I like no thrones that narrow mine too much,  
And wonder wherefor clergymen should mount them.

CHANCELLOR.

However, sir, since such hath been the custom  
From barbarous times . .

DURAZZO.

Til times herein as barbarous . .

CHANCELLOR.

. . We must observe the usage of the realm  
And keep our hands from touching things held sacred.  
Few days ago for lighter crimes the friar  
Might have been punisht with severity.

FIRST COUNSELLOR.

Even now, altho' his legs begin to sprout  
With scarlet plumage, we may crop his crest ;  
But better on the beam than in the yard.

THIRD COUNSELLOR.

It would put by much bickering.

FOURTH COUNSELLOR.

There are many

Expectants, holy men, who would condemn  
In any court ecclesiastical  
Appeal so manifest to foren force,  
And strip him to the skin to wash him clean.

FIFTH COUNSELLOR.

And there are civil laws which tread on velvet  
    and leave no scandal when they pass the door ;  
Modest and mild and beautifully drest,  
And void of all loquacity, all pomp,

They, should you ask them what they are, reply  
*We are not laws; we are prerogatives.*

CARLO.

Paoluccio ! wit may give the best advice.  
Far be from me all violence. If the criminal  
Be strong and boisterous, the ecclesiastical  
Craving and crafty, swift or slow at pleasure,  
At least our civil laws are excellent,  
And what you call prerogatives are civil.

PAOLUCCIO.

I class them so.

*Many at once.*

They are the best of all.

CARLO.

I will pursue this counsel.

You may rise.



## ACT V.

## SCENE I. CASTLE OF MURO.

GIOVANNA. AGATHA. OTHO. OFFICERS.

GIOVANNA.

What shouts are those? whose voice above them all,  
Above the neighing horse and trumpet's clang,  
Calls to the rescue? Can I doubt? . .

My Otho!

My Otho! rush not rashly into fight,  
Thou canst not free me.

AGATHA.

He has beat them off . .

He enters.

OFFICER.

Yes, he enters.

OTHO, *wounded mortally*.

Take the ransom . .

'Tis small . . 'tis only one worne life . . and loose her.

GIOVANNA.

Not from thy neck, my Otho, while thou livest,  
Or while I live.

OTHO.

Giovanna hath embraced me . .

I now have lived . . life should be over now.

OFFICER.

His breath is gone: bear him away: the king  
May have commands for her.

*(Points to the queen, who swoons.)*

AGATHA.

My queen ! my queen !  
My friend ! my comforter ! Oh ! *that* no more. [*Falls.*]

## SCENE II. PALACE. NAPLES.

MARGARITA. DURAZZO.

MARGARITA.

I cannot see what mighty things indeed  
My aunt Giovanna ever did for me,  
Can you ?

DURAZZO.

They long are over, if she did.

MARGARITA.

Beside . .

DURAZZO.

Now what beside ?

MARGARITA.

I had almost  
Said such a foolish thing !

DURAZZO.

You ! Margarita !

MARGARITA.

I was about to say she did no more  
For me than you. If she loved *me*, she loved me  
Because she loved my mother, her own sister ;  
Where is the wonder ? where the merit ?

DURAZZO.

None.

MARGARITA.

She even loved another sister, her  
Whom people call'd *Fiammetta* ; God knows why ;  
No Christian name, nought Christian-like about it.

She was the one of Sicily, who fancied  
(O shame upon her !) somebody a writer.

DURAZZO.

What writer ?

MARGARITA.

Is not that enough ? a writer !

DURAZZO.

There is not much to thank her for, if all  
Partake of her affection, even those  
Who sink so low.

MARGARITA.

She played with *you* the most ;  
Perhaps because she thought you like her child.  
She did show pleasure when she fondled *me* ;  
But 'twas not to make *me* the happier,  
Altho' it did so, but herself, herself.  
Yet, Carlo, would you think it ! there are times  
When I am ready to desire of you  
That you would let her out of such a den  
At Muro.

DURAZZO.

Had you mentioned it before,  
As wishing it . . why, then indeed . .

MARGARITA.

So, then  
You would have let her out ? how very kind !

DURAZZO.

If we could have persuaded her to go.

MARGARITA.

Persuaded her ? what ! out of prison ?

DURAZZO.

Do not

Term it so harshly: who can bear to hear  
Of prisons?

MARGARITA.

Is the tower indeed not lockt  
Nor bolted?

DURAZZO.

People would run into it  
And trouble her devotions. At this time  
She needs them most particularly.

MARGARITA.

Why?

DURAZZO.

Her health declines.

MARGARITA.

Is she in danger?

DURAZZO.

Some.

MARGARITA.

Imminent?

DURAZZO.

There are fears.

MARGARITA.

About her life?

DURAZZO.

Men shake their heads.

MARGARITA.

O Carlo! O my Carlo!

I have . . (will God forgive me?) been ungrateful.  
And all this time! . . when but one moment of it . .  
My hand in her's, or her's upon my head . .

DURAZZO.

Hush! Margarita! thou'rt a queen: be calm,  
And worthy of the station we enjoy.

*(Leads her out.)*

## SCENE III. PALACE. NAPLES.

HIGH STEWARD. CHAMBERLAIN. CHANCELLOR.  
DURAZZO.

CHAMBERLAIN.

Wary and slow is this our chancellor,  
Where title-deeds are fluttering in suspense;  
The peril'd life and honor of his queen  
He passes as he would a wretch in chains  
On the road-side, saying, *So! there thou art!*

LORD HIGH STEWARD.

We want such men's religion, their sound sense,  
Coolness, deliberation, ponderous front,  
Broad and dark eyebrow. Much of dignity  
Reverence and awe, build on these crags alone.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Ye have them all in one. I hear his foot:  
The king steps lighter: both advance.

LORD HIGH STEWARD.

Who come

Behind? for there are many.

(*Durazzo, Chancellor, Counsellors, enter.*)

DURAZZO.

Take your seats.

Gentlemen! ye have heard with indignation  
The rash attempt against my peace and yours,  
Made by the Suabian, husband of Giovanna.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

We hear, by Heaven's protection of your Highness,  
It fail'd.

LORD HIGH STEWARD.

And that he fell in the attempt.

DURAZZO.

Desperate, he cut his way, tho' wounded, thro'  
My bravest troops, but could not force the gate;  
Horsemen are weak at walls nine fathoms high;  
He had scarce twenty with him.

CHANCELLOR.

There he paid  
His forfeit life, declared already traitor.

DURAZZO.

On this we are not met, but to deliberate  
On the state's safety. My lord chancellor,  
Is the queen guilty?

CHANCELLOR *starts*.

We must try her first,  
Privately; then decide.

DURAZZO.

Yea, privately;  
So pleaseth me. Take then your secretaries  
And question her; decorously, humanely.

---

#### SCENE IV. CASTLE OF MURO.

GIOVANNA. CHANCELLOR. HIGH STEWARD. CHAM-  
BERLAIN. SECRETARIES.

CHANCELLOR.

Lady! we have heard all, and only ask  
(For the realm's weal) your Highness will vouchsafe  
To sign this parchment.

GIOVANNA, *taking it.*

What contains it?

CHANCELLOR.

Peace.

GIOVANNA.

I then would sign it with my blood ; but blood  
Running from royal veins never sign'd peace.

(*Reads.*)

It seems I am required to abdicate  
In favor of duke Carlo of Durazzo.

CHANCELLOR.

Even so.

GIOVANNA, *to the others.*

To you I turn me, gentlemen !

If ever you are told that I admitted  
His unjust claims, if ever you behold  
Sign'd, as you fancy, by my hand the parchment  
That waves our kingdom from its rightful heir,  
Believe it not : only believe these tears,  
Of which no false one ever fell from me  
Among the many 'twas my fate to shed.  
I want not yours ; they come too late, my friends ;  
Farewell then ! You may live and serve your country ;  
These walls are mine, and nothing now beyond.

---

SCENE V. NAPLES.

MAXIMIN. STEPHEN.

MAXIMIN.

Among the idle and the fortunate  
Never drops one but catafalque and canopy

Are ready for him : organ raves above,  
And songsters wring their hands and push dull rhymes  
Into dull ears that worse than wax hath stopt,  
And cherubs puff their cheeks and cry half-split  
With striding so across his monument.  
Name me one honest man for whom such plays  
Were ever acted.

They will ne'er lay Otho  
With kindred clay ! no helm, no boot beside  
His hurried bier ! no stamp of stately soldier  
Angry with grief and swearing hot revenge,  
Until even the paid priest turns round and winks.  
I will away : sick, weary . .

*(Stephen enters.)*

STEPHEN.

Hast thou heard  
The saddest thing ?

MAXIMIN.

Heard it ? committed it,  
Say rather. But for thee and thy curst gold,  
Which, like magician's, turns to dust, I trow,  
I had receiv'd him in the gate, and brought  
The treasure of his soul before his eyes :  
He had not closed them so.

STEPHEN.

Worst of it all  
Is the queen's death.

MAXIMIN.

'The queen's ?

STEPHEN.

They stifled her  
With her own pillow.



MAXIMIN.

Who says that ?

STEPHEN.

The man  
Runs wild who did it, through the streets, and howls it,  
Then imitates her voice, and softly sobs  
*Lay me in Santa Chiara.*

---

SCENE VI. NAPLES. BEFORE THE PALACE.  
AMONG GUARDS.

MAXIMIN. DURAZZO.

MAXIMIN.

Gallant prince !

Conqueror of more than men, of more than heroes !  
What may that soldier merit who deserts  
His post, and lets the enemy to the tent ?

DURAZZO.

Death is the sentence.

MAXIMIN.

Sign that sentence then.

I shall be found beside a new-made grave  
In Santa Chiara.

DURAZZO.

Art thou mad ?

MAXIMIN.

I shall be

If you delay.

DURAZZO, *to guards.*

See this man into Hungary.

SCENE VII. NAPLES. MONASTERY  
GARDEN.RUPERT, *alone*.

There are some pleasures serious men sigh over,  
And there are others maniacs hug in chains :  
I wonder what they are : I would exchange  
All mine for either, all that e'er were mine.  
I have been sadly treated my whole life,  
Cruelly slighted, shamefully maligned :  
And this too will be laid upon my shoulders.  
If men are witty, all the wit of others  
Bespangles them ; if criminal, all crimes  
Are shoveled to their doors.

God knows how truly

I wisht her life ; not her imprisonment  
More truly. Maximin and Agatha  
In the queen's life would never have come forth.

Men of late years have handled me so roughly,  
I am become less gentle than I was.  
Derision, scoffs and scorns, must be rebuft,  
Or we can do no good in act or counsel.  
Respect is needful, is our air, our day,  
'Tis in the sight of men we see ourselves,  
Without it we are dark and halt and speechless.  
Religion in respect and power hath being,  
And perishes without them. Power I hold :  
Why shun men's looks ? why my own thoughts ? afraid ?  
No, I am not afraid : but phantasies  
Long dwelt on let us thro'.

If I do quail,

'Tis not the mind, the spirit ; 'tis the body.

A MONK, *entering*.

Father ! I come from Muro, where a woman  
(Sickly before) for days refused all food,  
And now is dead.

RUPERT.

What is her name ?

MONK.

One Agatha.

RUPERT.

Did she receive the holy Sacrament ?

MONK.

You must have known she did, else why such joy ?  
She would receive nought else.

RUPERT.

Then she is safe.

MONK.

We trust in God she is : yet she herself  
Had pious doubt.

RUPERT.

Of what was her discourse ?

MONK.

Her mind, ere she departed, wandered from her.

RUPERT.

What did she talk about ? dost hear ?

MONK.

She said,

*Rupert, if he could see me, might be . . .*

RUPERT.

What !

MONK.

Her mind, observe, was wandering.

RUPERT.

Thine is too.

Tell me the very word she uttered.

MONK.

*Saved.*

Blessings upon her ! your uplifted hands  
And radiant brow announce her present bliss.

RUPERT.

Said she no more ?

MONK.

*Since he's not here, take these,  
And let the friar and his brotherhood  
Say masses for my soul : it may do good  
To theirs no less.*

I stoopt the holy taper,  
And through her fingers and her palm could see  
That she held something : she had given it  
But it dropt out of them : this crucifix,  
From which the square-set jewels were removed,  
And this broad golden piece, with its long chain  
Of soft dark hair, like our late queen Giovanna's.

RUPERT.

Her medal . . *anno primo* . . All goes right.

MONK.

Your blessing !

RUPERT.

Take it, prythee, and begone.

*(Monk goes.)*

Nothing has hurt me : none have seen me. None ?  
Ye saints of heaven ! hath ever prayer been mist ?  
Penance, tho' hard, been ever unperform'd ?  
Why do ye then abandon me ? like one  
Whom in your wrath ye hurl aside ; like one  
Scathed by those lightnings which God's sleepless eye  
Smites earth with, and which devils underneath,

Feeling it in the abysses of the abyss,  
Rejoice was not for them.

Repent I did . .

Even of Agatha I did repent.

I did repent the noble friends had fallen.

Could they not have been wiser, and escaped,

By curbing evil passions, pride, distrust,

Defiance? It was wrong in them: in me

'Twas not quite well: 'twas harsh, 'twas merciless:

Andrea had not done it: wrong'd, betray'd,

Andrea had not done it.

Have my words

Sorcery in them? do they wake the dead?

Hide thy pale face, dear boy! hide from my sight

Those two dark drops that stain thy scanty beard,

Hide those two eyes that start so! Curse me, kill me;

'Twere mercy, 'twere compassion, not revenge;

Justice, the echo of God's voice, cries *More!*

I can endure all else.

I will arise,

Push off this rack that rends me, rush before him

And ask him why he made me what I am.

*Enter Officers.*

FIRST OFFICER.

Traitor! the king hath traced all thy devices.

RUPERT.

Without them he had ne'er been what ye style him.

SECOND OFFICER.

Avowest thou thy perfidy?

RUPERT.

And his.

THIRD OFFICER.

Murderer! thou shalt confess.

RUPERT.

'Twere royal bounty.

THIRD OFFICER.

And die.

RUPERT.

'Twere more than royal.

FIRST OFFICER.

Come thy way.

RUPERT.

My way? my way? . . I've travel'd it enough,  
With or without thee I will take another.

SECOND OFFICER.

Whither?

RUPERT *points to the window.*

Look yonder! There it lies.

*(Stabs himself.)*

Andrea!

FIRST OFFICER, *after a pause.*

Merciful God! end thus his many crimes?

THIRD OFFICER, *after a pause.*

What moans and piteous wailings from the street!

SECOND OFFICER.

Can they arise for him so suddenly?

FIRST OFFICER.

There are too many. None hath told the deed  
Beyond this spot, none seen it.

THIRD OFFICER.

Now you hear

Distinctly; if distinctly may be heard  
The wail of thousands.

SECOND OFFICER.

'Their queen's name they cry . .

THIRD OFFICER.

With blessings.

FIRST OFFICER.

Now, at last, ye know Giovanna;

And now will Rupert too be known, tho' late.

THE END.

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